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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is a good thing that Lord Milner is back again in South Africa. In that land of perverted rumours his absence was no doubt falsely interpreted and his return will have had not a little effect in showing the Boers that Great Britain, as even the Continental papers have lately maintained, has never since the ultimatum wavered in the lines of her policy. Lord Milner also did well in his first speech in answer to the great welcome given him to reassert his own personal care for the continuity of this policy. He had promised to come back and there he was. He had said that the Government meant to carry the war through and Lord Kitchener's Proclamation was his evidence. How seriously the Boers regard the possible effect of that proclamation may be gathered from the threat issued by Dr. Leyds that he would prepare a giant Continental protest. This typical intrigue would not fulminate without fear.

The disclosures made by Lord Kitchener as to the state of the Yeomanry sent out to South Africa are a national concern which it would be dangerous to forget. Quite simply put, a large number of the men were weaklings. They were disqualified from fighting by constitutional infirmities and deficiencies which ought to have been discovered in England. Even the best could not be trained into fighters for several months. Though the Government offered what may be called the fancy price of five shillings a day, these decrepit recruits were all that could be attracted. After this is it not ridiculous to talk of increasing the rate of pay in order to swell the army? Since no one suggests giving as much as five shillings a day and since five shillings a day is not enough to attract efficient men, conscription becomes the only resource left. During the week a body of sixty-five of our men have surrendered to the Boers—the many hunters captured by the few hunted—and Lord Kitchener is going to hold an enquiry. His decision on this one case may not prove much, but it is certain that the number of surrenders through the war would have been much fewer if the spirit of the disciplined soldier had not suffered in its quality by dilution with amateur carelessness.

Otherwise the course of the war is satisfactory. In the north the Magaliesburg district is peaceful and there have been many surrenders. Lord Methuen has been successfully busy in the large district to the east of

Mafeking and since the flight of Kruitziuger General French has found fewer difficulties in Cape Colony. In the Orange River Colony there are already signs that Lord Kitchener's proclamation is having its effect. Surrenders of small parties are reported daily through the colony and there is no doubt that the mere mention of a definite date has helped to make up the mind of many waverers. Whether the so-called "irreconcilables" will continue to deserve the name is another question; the avoidance of such "mishaps" as that over which Lord Kitchener is holding an inquiry would probably be more effective than any proclamation. Lord Kitchener's weekly list was again of normal length and quality.

One is naturally loth to believe stories of Boer brutality. We know from a responsible eye-witness that the killing of some of our wounded at Vlaktefontein was due entirely to their persistent refusal to cease firing. But the last report from Lord Kitchener gives what must be accepted as a gross instance of violation of the rules of war. Sworn information has been laid, and sent to Steyn and Botha, that two soldiers and a lieutenant who had surrendered were shot down in cold blood. The Government has accepted the news and suggested that a proclamation should be issued announcing that leaders of commandoes whose men committed crimes like this should be held guilty of murder and suffer the death penalty, the members of the commandoes to be punished according to the degree of their complicity. Whatever the value of such a proclamation, the duty of every general was already clear. By the nature of the circumstances it is probable that for one such proven act there are many similar deeds which have been successfully hidden. If the continuance of the struggle has destroyed the Boers' power to repress his savage instincts, it is mere weakness to continue to treat him as a belligerent. General Botha at any rate has shown himself a man of honour, but so long as he retains the titular leadership of men who give way to murderous promptings he cannot escape his share of responsibility. To continue to lead such troops ceases to be a mark of patriotism.

Two letters have appeared in the "Times" on the subject of the British Refugees, one from Miss Hobhouse, the other from Surgeon-Major Davies. It goes without saying that the statements of the two are contradictory. In an editorial article on the subject the "Times" commits itself to the statement that "the British Refugees and their wants have been entirely passed over by the Government" and that the Government has undertaken no responsibility for the families

of our fellow countrymen. Now Mr. Chamberlain on 7 August said definitely in the House that "the Government recognise the responsibility to supply whatever is necessary". One of two alternatives must have happened: either the "Times" has forgotten the speech or the Government its promises. Major Davies wrote his letter before the date of Mr. Chamberlain's speech, though probably almost at the same time that Mr. Chamberlain had telegraphed to the Refugees' Committee in Africa to ask if he should send them money. As to Miss Hobhouse there is no proportion between her sentiments for Boer and for British sufferers, nor any accuracy in her comparative arithmetic.

Mr. John X. Merriman's disgust with British military methods have not diminished since his return to Cape Colony. The day on which a letter from him describing the "vexatious restrictions" imposed on individual colonists appeared in the London press, a cablegram was received to the effect that Mr. Merriman had been arrested on his farm and released on parole. More conclusive proof of the iniquitous interference of the British authorities with all who dare to traffic with sedition could hardly be forthcoming. Poor Mr. Merriman is so disturbed by recent events that he can find no words in which to express his feelings. He is driven to quote a passage from one of Cicero's letters to Servius Sulpicius Rufus, as translated by Mr. Shuckburgh—an excellent advertisement of the translation as the publishers will no doubt recognise. "Free liberal England" has wrought dismay and disorganisation in Cape Colony, and its poor people "have no power of making their voice heard". As the bulk of them are willing volunteers for town guards, the only voice they will want to make heard while the invader is at their doors is that of their rifles. The "reign of terror" in Cape Colony is of course a troublesome and an unpleasant thing, but if Mr. Merriman were capable of taking an impartial view of the situation he would find that the crisis is due rather more to himself and his friends than to the British Government by whom he has been "treated with contumely".

The claims heard before the South African Compensation Commission increase both in ingenuity and impudence. Sir John Ardagh whose patience has been exemplary was at last driven to say that the more the claims were considered the worse they appeared. With a singular want of imagination one claimant after another has demanded compensation for that shadowy loss known as "moral" damage. This has been especially favoured by those whom the Commission have convicted of taking direct or indirect part in the war against us. It would have been well if the Commission could have been in a position to institute prosecutions for attempts to get money under false pretences. The "moral" damages also form a large proportion of the German claims yet to be heard. Out of a gross total of £176,199 as much as £153,567 comes under the head of "moral". These claims are yet to be discussed and, it may be, that they will be justified; but with regard to the past there has been an absolute forgetfulness that the granting of damages is an act of grace, an international courtesy. It was perhaps too much to expect some slight recognition of this in those who take advantage of the charity.

At a moment when Canada is busy completing her arrangements for the reception of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, a French-Canadian has, wittingly or otherwise, delivered himself of a sentiment which jars. An American newspaper having started the report that a number of leading Canadian politicians were about to form a party with independence as their principal plank, Mr. Rodolphe Lemieux has announced his belief that independence for Canada is inevitable sooner or later. He refuses to countenance any agitation with that end in view, and is content to look forward to its attainment as the result of events and constitutional evolution. Mr. Lemieux' statements belong to the school of Goldwin Smith, whose teaching events happily have consistently refuted. They are of a kind which has resulted in a good deal of mischief in South Africa, and if they were uttered in Cape Colony could hardly be

regarded with indifference as they have been in Canada. Their import should not be missed by the people of England. If the royal tour has advanced the possibilities of federation, Mr. Lemieux' observations have shown the necessity of bonds other than those of mere sentiment.

Prince Chun who was proceeding by very easy stages towards Berlin, where he is to prostrate himself in apology for the murder of the German Ambassador, was suddenly reported to be suffering from some incapacitating malady. The attack it is now confessed was purely diplomatic, like Dr. Leyds' influenza. Some further ceremonious obeisance is understood to be demanded by the Kaiser and Prince Chun is unable to comply until he has consulted with the Chinese Government. The game of Eastern procrastination has begun, not much to the benefit of the Eastern Prince. He and his suite are spending a great deal of money which had much better be put aside for the indemnity. One telegram is said to have cost Prince Chun some £60 and if one may argue from precedent and from present parallels in China the cabled communications are likely to continue for an indefinite period. The nature of the additional demands made on the subservience of Prince Chun is not known. The order that he must bow three times seems sufficiently unreal; though probably the Chinese lay much more store by slight symbols than German politicians are aware; but the episode illustrates the Chinese respect for procrastination in itself even apart from its supposed value as a mark of diplomatic dignity.

While Prince Chun is resting at Basel, the Chinese Court is preparing to leave Si-ngan for Peking. The Chinese envoys have received authority to sign the protocol, the main points of which were given in the SATURDAY REVIEW three weeks ago, and all that remains to be done now is to secure the signatures of the representatives of the European Powers. The principal difficulty which has had to be surmounted was occasioned by the wording of the edict relating to the importation of arms. It is forbidden to China for two years to import arms or the material from which arms are manufactured. As, however, for a long time past it is known that arms have been rushed into China, the effect of this prohibition may not amount to much. If the European Ministers have shown what is deemed undue eagerness to get the protocol out of hand, the explanation probably is to be found in the heartburning which it has occasioned in China. Li Hung Chang is denounced as a traitor for having agreed to the only terms on which the Empress could be permitted to return to Peking. From the European point of view the satisfaction to be derived from the settlement is by no means unalloyed, and the protocol contains possibilities of real hardship to other than Chinese. As the China League has pointed out, the raising of the tariff to an effective 5 per cent. threatens those who have entered into "forward contracts" with serious loss. The Foreign Office must look to it that in punishing China they do not victimise British traders.

M. Constans has at last accomplished his threatened departure from Constantinople. What exactly this diplomatic step may mean will not be known till M. Constans, who is now in Paris, has discussed the debated questions with his Government. The Sultan continued to prevaricate till the end; he made concessions over the matter of the quays, but steadily refused to give any written guarantee with regard to minor questions involving the payment of definite sums. M. Constans forced the hand of his Government to regard recalcitrance on three points as crucial. The rupture seems to be complete: no Chargé d'Affaires has been left in Constantinople and the French Consulate through the Empire have been officially informed of the situation. On the remote supposition that war should break out, the question of the bankers' claims would be taken as the *casus belli*. In some quarters it is thought that the irritability of M. Constans, who has also to keep up his reputation as a strong man, has precipitated the quarrel, but the cause is greater

than the occasion of the rupture. The Sultan has been shuffling with the demands of the nations for years. France has perhaps suffered most by his waywardness and must be glad to pull the Sultan up with a jerk. As yet however there are no signs that his suavity has been upset.

But it is not only the Sultan who is the cause of turmoil in the Near East. The normal heartburnings in Austria-Hungary and the Balkan States are at present more than usually poignant. Russia has been strengthening fortifications on the borders of Rumania and the torpedo boats at the mouth of the Danube have been "reinforced". There are rumours also of more insidious acts of interference, which may or may not be exaggerated. The position of Austria-Hungary and Russia with regard to the Balkan States is on the face of it quite simple. The two countries came to an agreement in 1897 that neither of them would interfere in any way with the free political development of the Balkan States. Some such understanding was made necessary by the dangerous competition for influence between the two countries. The diplomatic intrigues were a continuous cause of unrest and bad feeling and checked the development of the States. Temporarily the agreement lessened the friction; but it was not likely that intrigues would cease. There is talk in Austria-Hungary of annulling the agreement, which is said to be totally disregarded by Russia, and at Bucharest a Russian paper has been started with the sole object of "advocating a Balkan confederacy under Russian protection". Such facts and rumours are presumably being discussed by the Rumanian Premier who is now at Vienna. Perhaps the wisest course he could advocate would be not to abolish but to stiffen the agreement of 1897 by the addition of more precise conditions.

A phase of the Mediterranean question which should not be ignored though it would be unwise to attach to it too much importance is the agitation for home rule in Malta. That there is any solid ground for the grievances on account of which an "appeal" is now being made to "the English nation", those who know Malta best emphatically deny. The trouble arises chiefly out of the vanity or racial predilections of one or two Italian-speaking individuals. Very few will be adversely affected by the final substitution of English for Italian as the official language of Malta, and the pretence that Great Britain is going back on her pledges and doing a grievous wrong to the islanders is very thin. The Maltese, we are asked to believe, would never have voluntarily placed themselves under the British Government if they had foreseen how Great Britain would requite their trust. That is a quaint rendering of history. Malta was treacherously seized by Napoleon and it was from him, at the cost of much blood and treasure, that we took the islands. This not altogether immaterial detail is a sample of the facts on which the Maltese-Italian agitators rely in formulating their case against England.

German public opinion, and to some extent English, is greatly exercised over the trial of two prisoners charged with the murder of Captain von Krosigk. At the Court-martial both Marten and Hickel were acquitted, but the military authorities, without, it is said, the production of any new evidence, again put the men on trial before a superior, but still military, tribunal. Marten was this time condemned to death and Hickel acquitted, but he has not yet been released and it is asserted that he is to be tried a third time. German papers talk of a "second Dreyfus case"; but it is as well to remember that a large portion of the public completely lost all sense of proportion and sanity of judgment over that unhappy "affair". It seems to be granted that the evidence against Marten was largely negative, and it is significant that the Public Prosecutor did not dare to ask for the infliction of the death penalty. The sensitiveness of the public is also, not unnaturally, aroused by the secrecy of a part of the second trial. On the other hand the inability to prove an alibi is certainly damaging and there is some excuse for not publishing abroad details of army discipline. The holding of a

second trial is perfectly legal according to German military law, and no prejudice was shown during the proceedings. On the other hand the evidence as published is certainly not conclusive, and it is quite legitimate for the public to demand more knowledge; but there is no excuse for ranting about the perversion of justice till all the evidence is fully known.

The report from the Colonial Office concerning the prosperity of the Pitcairn islands gives a quaint, delightful picture of the relations between the Empire and its smaller units. The small island of Bounty was colonised first by six mutineers. They are now a prosperous little Christian community of more than a hundred persons, and they have colonised the neighbouring Norfolk island—approximately 4,000 miles away. The Colonial Office is chiefly concerned with the trade of the island and is much exercised over the state of the export trade; but it is the light thrown on the nature of life in the Pacific that is most attractive in the report. Disease is unknown on the island; the men work from 5 A.M. to 2 P.M. on works for the public benefit; the Government consists of a firm and capable president, Mr. McCoy, and seven assessors and though they say that a strong hand is necessary the fact is not apparent. The island is self-sufficing and the soil produces good things as though of itself. Almost nothing is lacking but a vessel and a smaller preponderance of women inhabitants. Even these drawbacks the islanders hope to overcome in time with the help of Mr. Chamberlain.

The nature of the food in the Royal Navy has been a burning question from early days. It troubled Queen Elizabeth and Earl S. Vincent found the settlement of the difficulty a harder task than beating the French. But the Committee which has just finished its enquiry into the nature of the sailor's food has not found the question so thorny as on these historical occasions. Among other points it has been largely concerned with the propriety of substituting mutton for beef at certain meals. It is satisfactory that no great fault is found with existing arrangements, but several small changes are suggested which will increase not a little the comfort of sailors. There are to be five meal-hours, or rather rests from duties, instead of three and this it is hoped will prevent the sailor spending his excess of money on the canteen. The Committee has also made a humorous but wise proposal that an "age limit" should be fixed to certain provisions, as to the staleness of which there have been frequent complaints. Other slight alterations on technical points were proposed, but on the mass of evidence brought before the Committee the general conclusion was arrived at that there is no ground of complaint as to the regulation of present rations in the Royal Navy.

Much solemn nonsense about the election in the Andover Division of Hampshire has been indulged in by those who know nothing whatever about the constituency, the candidates or the electors. Mr. Judd—strong Churchman, Imperialist and Liberal—came near to wiping out the Tory majority of 1885 because he was, as we indicated, a strong candidate, because Mr. Faber was not a Hampshire man, and because a large number of electors thought they would like to "give the other side a chance". There is really very little else to be said of the incident: except perhaps that both Tories and Liberals outside the constituency were surprised, that certain life-long Tory farmers turned Liberal on behalf of Mr. Judd, and that Lord Portsmouth did not make himself unusually ridiculous.

The disaster at the Donibristle Pit in Fifeshire was of a totally unprecedented nature. The seam of coal slopes upward and as the workings had come within some thirty feet of the top an attempt was made to drive a new air hole at this point. Without warning some two or three acres of the moorland subsided and the colliery was completely blocked. There were at the time seventeen men at work of whom seven escaped at once. The rescue of the rest could only be approached from the crater of the subsidence and was attended with immense risk as the peaty soil gave no

assurance of remaining firm. But, as in all the mining disasters that have afflicted the people, volunteer rescuers were found in plenty. The first to make the attempt were themselves entombed after five men had been rescued. On Thursday the two rescuers and one other man who had been nearly seventy hours in the pit were brought safely out. Eight miners still remain underground and it is feared are past the hope of rescue. Such is the price of coal.

Hardly harmonious were the proceedings at the annual picnic of the Institute of Journalists held this week at Bradford. The Institute is ambitious and is about to build itself a home of some pretension. Members however are divided as to the utility and the proposed locality of such a home, and expressed themselves freely on the subject. From what we gather, it is clear that the structure will be the Imperial Institute of Journalism, and will cover the proceedings of other bodies whose fees will be indispensable to solvency. The Institute might surely turn its funds to more practical and legitimate account. Nor were the generalisations of Mr. Arthur à Beckett's presidential address received without demur. His testimonial to the good fellowship of proprietors was rather obvious in so successful a practitioner and not at all in accord with the views of the strugglers and stragglers of the profession who are not unknown to the membership of the Institute. Neither can his judgment on the purity and public spirit of the press be accepted without qualification. We agree with Mr. F. Byles that the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth should be the aim of all rightly conducted journals, but do not quite see how the ideal is to be reconciled with "the intelligent anticipation of events" which the new journalism of which he is the advocate is to compass.

The best thing said at the Pan-Keltic Congress came at the close. Mr. Yeats truly declared that Tennyson is the Vergil and not the Homer of the Arthurian epos. Tennyson's literary nature has the most striking affinity with Vergil; with Homer none. Let Arthurian poets of the future observe and avoid the blunder of the late Laureate who drew his inspiration in the Idylls from the unreal romances of the later middle ages. For our Arthurian poet that is to be there are epics and lyrics and tragedies in the tale of the Table Round—but he must draw on the older legends and forget all he ever read of Tennyson or Malorey. A point which the Kelts in congress left undecided was the question "Is Cornwall a Keltic nation?" Any one that knows the Cornish people will agree that they have a distinctive and sturdy individuality, pointing to difference of race. A strong and striking people; but how far they are really Keltic is a very difficult ethnological problem.

The Bank statement as was expected showed a further accession of strength, the Reserve having been increased by £408,700, the total now being £27,466,100; the resultant of the changes in the various items is an increase in the proportion to 53.44 per cent. as against 51.97 per cent. last week. The usual requirements of the country at the autumn doubtless influenced the directors in refraining from any reduction in the Bank rate which remains at 3 per cent. The active stocks in the Home Railway market have been slightly better but do not close at best; there is no disposition on the part of investors to buy stock whilst on the other hand holders prefer to hold on rather than sell at the present low prices. The American market has been fairly active during the week in response to the better prices in Wall Street. It is understood that the American public bought and this strengthened the professional dealing. The steelworkers' strike continues but with a settlement of the struggle prices in American rails will probably go higher. The South African market has been remarkable only for the rise in De Beers and Jagersfontein diamond shares; gold companies' shares have been dull with a downward tendency. Beyond a little activity in Associated Northern Blocks the Westralian market has continued its dull appearance, and West African shares have been also neglected. Consols 94½. Bank rate 3 per cent. (13 June, 1901).

THE TRIUMVIRATE.

WHO is the present leader of the Unionist party? The man in the street would answer Lord Salisbury, and he would be half right, for the Prime Minister is the leader of the party in the Cabinet; but Mr. Chamberlain is its leader in the country. Nothing has been more painfully apparent during the last two years than that Lord Salisbury has abandoned any idea of moulding or guiding the minds of his countrymen in regard to their political future. Ever since the war began, the Prime Minister's attitude has been that of an old man who has been shoved into a disagreeable business by his impetuous juniors, and who in that position conceives his sole duty to consist in telling everybody not to fuss. "I have seen the Crimean war, and the Indian mutiny, and the Franco-German war, and the Penjdeh incident, and at least a dozen wars with savage races. The advancing surf of civilisation has beaten in my ears since I was a boy. Why should I get excited now, or allow others to get excited? The expense is enormous; but who am I to stem the tide of popular extravagance? The lesson of the hour is not to fuss; tout passe." Such has been the tenor of Lord Salisbury's speeches, and we have heard on good authority that the Prime Minister deliberately pooh-poohed the Boer war from the first as the best corrective of the despondency which seized upon the British nation a year and a half ago. In a family physician, no doubt, the pooh-pooh of cynical experience is an excellent tone, but we cannot commend it in a Prime Minister. We miss the "mots sonores" of the great national leader. Dr. Johnson was fond of saying, when he had passed seventy, "I flatter myself there is nothing of the old man in my conversation". There is a good deal too much of "the old man" in Lord Salisbury's conversation; it is not intended to stimulate: it fails to soothe; it merely stirs a feeling in his audience perilously near to despair. The services which Lord Salisbury has rendered to the empire are from their nature immeasurable by the present generation of Britons: to be appreciated they will have to be regarded from a distance. Even now they are probably far better understood at Washington and on the Continent than at home. Abroad Lord Salisbury's prestige is greater than that of any other living statesman, and is due to his caution, his experience, and his imperturbable courtesy. But it is precisely our consciousness, (which though only half informed is very certain), of the nation's debt to Lord Salisbury that makes us reluctant to admit his too evident conquest by the weakness of ordinary humanity. We are loth to allow that a Minister who has saved England from blunders and dangers which will make posterity shudder is subject to such a very common failing as age. Yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that Lord Salisbury is now "content to let occasion die", and that he renounces the duty, or ignores the opportunity, of shaping and controlling public opinion. It proves to us that the Prime Minister, with all his immense industry in the past and his supereminent talents, has just missed that quality of unconquerable vitality which we call genius. For genius is never old, as it is never young. Lord Beaconsfield was as young when he made his last speech in the House of Lords describing London as "the key to India", as when thirty years before he described Sir Robert Peel's career as "one vast appropriation clause"; and he was as old when he wrote "Vivian Grey" as when he wrote "Endymion". But if Lord Salisbury has not the perennial youth of genius, he is a very great man of affairs, and it is only when called upon to discharge what Walter Bagehot would have called "the lyrical function" of a leader, that is, the clothing in apt and stirring words what the nation is or ought to be thinking, that he exhibits the failings above alluded to. In the Cabinet, if well-informed talk may be trusted, the Prime Minister really rules and guides. There the weary and despondent "old man" disappears, and the chair is taken by the practical administrator, patient, alert, and moving easily among details with which he has been familiar for the last thirty years. Indeed there

are those who say that the value of a statesman in council varies in the inverse ratio of his powers as a platform speaker.

But the party leader has a third province of power besides the Cabinet and the country, namely, the House of Commons, where Lord Salisbury is forced to delegate his duties to another. Mr. Arthur Balfour leads the House of Commons as well as a very clever man, who has acquired great skill in spite of himself, must do. Believers in heredity, however, are not surprised to detect in the younger statesman a modified form of the idiosyncrasy of the elder. Mr. Balfour has the same contempt for the press as Lord Salisbury, the same preference for the inductive to the deductive method, the same disinclination to speculate on the future, and the same habit of fixing his attention on the business of the moment. Although he is still in the prime of life the First Lord of the Treasury will not undergo the drudgery of preparing speeches for public meetings, as was strikingly illustrated the other day at Blenheim, when Mr. Balfour complacently allowed himself to be eclipsed by Mr. Chamberlain, who is fully aware of the impression which sonorous and easily flowing periods make upon the masses. These qualities in Mr. Balfour are sufficient to explain the fact that his influence is bounded by the walls of the House of Commons, whose collective temperament he exactly suits. The man who has led the country during the past two years, who has communicated his ideas to the man in the street and taught him what to think and say, nay, who has done more than this by teaching the whole British empire to think and say the same things, is Mr. Chamberlain. There is no mystery about Mr. Chamberlain's power over the bulk of his countrymen at home and in the colonies. Simplicity, we had almost said shallowness, of thought, and clearness of phrase always tell in the market place, where fastidiousness and the hesitation arising from a clear view of all sides of a case are never appreciated. The Colonial Secretary is always cocksure and intelligible.

It will thus be seen that there are three departments of power, the Cabinet, the House of Commons, and the country, and that at this moment there are three leaders of the Unionist party, each supreme in his own province. Which of the three is the most powerful it is very difficult to decide. The Cabinet has a great deal more power than the outsider is aware of, and the House of Commons a good deal less. Some day the philosopher will analyse the logically inexplicable power of the editorial "we". At present it is the fact that the country is represented more effectively, because more continuously, by the press than by the House of Commons, where a member of Parliament, talk he never so wisely, is treated as a negligible quantity, unless he sits for an important constituency, or is endowed with some exceptional personal authority. Mr. Balfour is therefore in our opinion the least powerful of the triumvirate, because he wields the feeblest instrument. It is interesting to ask whether it would be physically possible for the same man to lead the Cabinet, the country, and the House of Commons. We can get no assistance from the past in attempting to answer the question, because since the last reform Act in '84 the conditions of political life have been metamorphosed. Lord Palmerston was certainly in his last Administration the master of the executive the legislature and the constituencies. But then Lord Palmerston's platform work consisted in an annual address to three or four hundred people in the town hall of Tiverton, and there was no organised obstruction in the House of Commons. Lord Beaconsfield was never quite master of his own Cabinet, for he always had to reckon with rebels like Lord Salisbury, Lord Carnarvon, and Lord Derby. In the House of Commons and in the country Mr. Disraeli was certainly supreme, at all events between 1874 and 1880. But though he had to follow Mr. Gladstone's example in addressing mass meetings in the provinces, Mr. Disraeli was never confronted by the hideous monster of Irish obstruction. The only statesman who, under modern conditions, did rule absolutely in all three provinces was Mr. Gladstone, and that was only for a few years. We doubt whether even Mr. Gladstone's

exceptional physique could have stood the combined strain of Downing Street, the House of Commons, and the platform for very long. It follows therefore that in our judgment it is almost impossible for the same man to lead the Cabinet, the House of Commons, and the country, and that the present tripartite arrangement is a good one. The circumstances which unite two of the triumvirate, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, and insure harmony between them, are of course exceptional, and are not likely to be repeated. But for the present we are sure that the partition of power works excellently, and makes for the safety of the empire. We have heard many complaints about Lord Salisbury's chieftainship, and even the opinion expressed that it was time for him to retire, a view which it is perfectly proper for a politician to express in private, though it would be shameful to do so in public. These complaints and wishes proceed from gentlemen who have not thought out what would happen if Lord Salisbury did retire. Lord Salisbury performs the invaluable function of keeping everybody in his proper place. Mindful as we are of his energy and sympathy and splendid services to the Colonial Empire, we do not wish to see Mr. Chamberlain in possession of uncontrolled power. Mr. Balfour is only too ready to efface himself, and on Lord Salisbury's retirement no one can doubt that Mr. Chamberlain would lead the Cabinet and the country, even if he left the leadership of the House of Commons, which he knows is the least important, to the First Lord of the Treasury. It is on Mr. Chamberlain that the hatred and distrust of our neighbours are centred, and though others may affect to laugh at the opinion of foreigners we do not. But there are a good many people at home who are afraid of Mr. Chamberlain's impetuosity and want of reserve, and his emancipation from the control of the Prime Minister would create something like a panic in certain quarters. On the other hand, were Lord Salisbury to nominate as his successor someone whose authority was unrecognised by Mr. Chamberlain, there would be an end of the unity of the Unionist party. Lord Salisbury is therefore the keystone of the arch. His withdrawal would bring down the edifice with a crash. A number of very awkward differences would arise, which would pave the way to the defeat of the present Unionist party at the polls.

THE FRANCO-TURKISH QUARREL.

WHETHER or no it may be strictly correct to say that diplomatic relations between France and Turkey have been broken off, there can be no doubt that they have been and remain strained. When an Ambassador refuses to hold any further communication with the Sovereign to whom he is accredited and leaves his post, we may assume that he does so at least with the acquiescence of his own Government. But signs are not wanting that M. Constans, in trying to force the hand of the Sultan, has compelled his own partners to play trumps which they might willingly for a time have held in reserve. At present there are few indications of any feeling in France as to the dispute and the French Government has shown itself far too wary in its foreign policy hitherto to make us believe for a moment that it has any desire to stir up popular sentiment on the matter. The question is not indeed one to excite any strong national feeling of itself. It is a struggle between certain greedy concessionaires and the Ottoman Government; neither party therefore appeals to the higher instincts either of statesmen or patriots. It would appear that an agreement was entered into early in the nineties between the Sultan and a French company for the construction of quays on the Galata side of the Golden Horn and also for the reclaiming of land from the sea. When the quays were constructed the Company charged such exorbitant dues that traders refused to use them and from 1895, when they were completed, they have led to a series of quarrels between the merchants and the company. The latter would have gladly got rid of a property which brought them in but a poor return and cost between 80 and 90 million

francs to construct, if they could induce the Sultan to buy at their own price which, needless to say, is an exorbitant one. Beyond this the matter of the reclaimed lands, which are said to be a considerable asset, has to be taken into account and the Company are demanding three times more than what appears to be a generous estimate of their value. The Sultan even to-day has never handed over to the Company the title-deeds to which they have a right and without title-deeds they cannot sell to anyone else. Clearly the Sultan must issue the deeds and pay some price or allow the sale to another purchaser. The Company may be exorbitant in their demands, but no Power can allow its subjects to be defrauded of their rights by the Porte. We should not ourselves tolerate it for one moment and, so far as that matter is concerned, France would meet with no open opposition from any Christian Power. Certain other considerations have been imported into the quarrel. Claims for damages, probably excessive, have been put forward by certain French subjects who have suffered from plundering bands in Albania, but these are demands easily capable of adjustment by diplomatic bargaining, as such matters have been settled again and again. We doubt whether the present quarrel would ever have raised even the mild excitement which it has at length evoked, if the French representative had been a man of a different stamp. M. Constans pricked the Boulanger bubble and was rewarded by one of those distinguished posts at a distance from the capital which a grateful but apprehensive Republic bestows upon her strongest sons that they may be out of the way of temptation. M. Constans may have thought that the time had arrived to remind a world, which easily forgets reputations not continuously advertised, that France had a strong man in reserve, in any case it is probable that he has acted in this matter more hastily than his own Government desired. Diplomatic history teaches us that steady unyielding pressure succeeds better with the Turk than too hasty a resort to an ultimatum. The quarrel here, too, evidently is largely a personal one, for the Porte had already given way on the quays question and it was only postponing the inevitable by the shuffling methods so familiar to all European experience. Less flourish and more persistence would have served the French purpose best and it is quite clear from the semi-official statements of the Government that M. Delcassé is of the same opinion. A quarrel with the Sultan was the very last incident that either Tsar or Minister desired to add piquancy to the meeting of this month. The stirring up of a neighbouring wasps' nest is not a useful preliminary to a picnic and any serious struggle with the Sultan may mean the letting loose of a myriad questions to inflame international animosities.

It is never easy, and in the present case is almost impossible, to say how far personal influences at Constantinople may be at work to determine the line taken by the Turk. M. Constans is not exactly a persona grata with his colleagues. It is not perhaps to be expected that a gentleman who has to act up to the part of the "strong man" should be such if he is conscientious in his rôle, but personal questions may sometimes come into play and it is said that the Russian Ambassador has not on this occasion shown any disposition to assist the representative of his master's ally. We may be sure that if there is the slightest chance of saving his face by playing off one Power against the other the Sultan will resort to that time-honoured device for confounding the infidel. This however is not a dispute in which even Germany could take a hand with advantage. If France is content with playing the part marked out by common sense, she must secure all she demands. We are inclined to credit her with honestly entertaining the views put forward by the "Débats", namely that without any *arrière pensée* she is proceeding to regulate certain matters which are quite clearly defined and which will leave no difficulty behind them. This simplicity of aim the same journal is unkind enough to point out is not to be found in every Power. We can only hope that if M. Constans finds his coup successful he may not be led on to attempt fresh triumphs, for Turkey is not a happy ground for these experiments.

This country will no longer suffer herself to be considered the necessary and traditional champion of a Government whose continued existence is an insult to civilised Europe; but there are questions in connexion with the territories of the Porte which we could not allow to be opened up without claiming a voice in their settlement. M. Delcassé is too wise a man to permit the unnecessary agitation of any such thorny matters of controversy. It is no concern of ours if, in the struggle of traders, German influence may for a time succumb to French; the Kaiser's Government has shown no great delicacy, or even humanity, in the efforts it has made to advance its commercial interests in Turkish quarters. Its policy in Asia Minor tends to alienate it from Russia, but that is not to be resented by us. As for the present dispute we regard it as a trivial occurrence unlikely to lead to any results of even appreciable gravity, but no difference which finds its subject-matter at Constantinople can be dismissed as unworthy of attention.

ECONOMIC IRELAND.

THE curse of politics is on most things Irish except the Horse Show, and even that institution totters under the scorn of Mr. Yeats. But that there is a non-political side of Irish life the really admirable "Handbook"* issued by Mr. Horace Plunkett's Department under the editorship of Mr. William Coyne proves most satisfactorily. To sum up in less than three hundred encyclopædic pages the principal facts of Irish industry and agriculture, and in the process to leave compatriots' heads unwhacked and their corns untrdden, is a notable achievement. They who associate Irish affairs with mere sound and fury ought to study this product of patient and truly patriotic industry, whose illustrations alone (ranging from photographs of the Falls at Castleconnell to the Kerry Spotted Slug, from the Connemara Pony to the Tara Brooch) make the book a desirable possession. The tone of urbanity so successfully maintained cloaks, however, many unsatisfactory details. Thus in the excellent account of Irish Fisheries contributed by Mr. Green, you will not read of the inveterate poaching that makes salmon-preserving in most places a burden to the flesh, nor will you discover how an actual Cabinet Minister ruins his neighbours' fishing on the Blackwater by a weir that the law, with some hesitation, sanctions but which the most ordinary good-feeling would surely, one imagines, demolish. As to the accuracy of the book, no one man can check the work of a dozen experts, but there is only one statement which we can claim to dispute, the assertion that the chough "is often found in numbers along the sea-cliffs" of the Western counties. This was the case twenty years ago, but to-day you will look in vain for the red-legged "daw" in many of its old haunts.

A book which touches on geology, botany, zoology, as well as on products and industries can hardly be summarised in an article. We can only discuss a very few of the many interesting points noticed. And first, a word of caution as to some of the statistics. Previous census returns in Ireland have been very faulty, because the people thoroughly enjoy deceiving "the Government". National schoolmasters have before now returned themselves on census-papers as "unable to read or write", and statistics of occupations are not very trustworthy. Some of the Roman Catholic Bishops have however this year adjured their flocks to tell the truth to census enumerators. We may say that the book appears in the middle of what we believe to be a period of very marked transitions. The old Ireland perished in the Great Famine: what the new Ireland is to be no one yet can tell. Perhaps fifty years hence an Irish Arnold Toynbee will be able to sum up the Industrial Revolution of the nineteenth century. As yet we cannot see the wood for the trees. A few facts are, of course, plain. The general fall of rents, accelerated by State action, and the virtual conversion of landlords into mere rent-chargers on their former properties, have impoverished

* "Ireland: Industrial and Agricultural. Handbook for the Irish Pavilion, Glasgow International Exhibition." Dublin: Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction.

the upper classes. The earlier free-trade legislation has made the growth of cereals unprofitable. The farmers of Ireland are indeed far more prosperous now than thirty years ago, but that is mainly the result of a transference of property within the country, and must not rashly be taken as evidence of increased prosperity in the sum. The returns of the banks show a great increase of savings, but here again one must avoid rash conclusions, for as a rule where an Englishman would make a profitable investment of his money, an Irishman, in the absence of local enterprises, is content to accept small interest from a bank. English capital is shy of entry into a country where continual legislative tinkering has produced general uncertainty and want of confidence, and this is not strange after the fate of the people who bought land in the Encumbered Estates Court under a Parliamentary guarantee. The great shipbuilding and linen industries of Belfast flourish, but Irish flax-growing wavers (the decay of cottage spinning has almost driven it out of cultivation in the south), and the really good tweed made here and there in Munster does not seem to make its way in the London market. Mr. Coyne's handbook shows how little prospect there is of a great development of mineral wealth. In nine-tenths of Ireland everything depends on the land.

Now the most noticeable fact about the land—apart from the transference of ownership—is that arable land is being steadily given over to pasture. In the year 1900-1901 there was a decrease of 28,252 acres in the area under crops, as we learn from the latest official statistics. In the previous year the decrease amounted to 32,404 acres. At the same time the size of agricultural holdings has of course grown rapidly. In 1841 only 7 per cent. of the holdings were above 30 acres; last year the percentage was 32. The very small peasant-farmer, who formerly lived in abject penury, is disappearing except on the western fringe, where we shall have occasion to speak of the work of the Congested Districts Board. Another way of stating the same facts is to say that emigration steadily continues. The United Irish League professes to believe that emigration can be checked by restoring pasture land to tillage, by substituting crops, which do not pay, for the dairy and meat and bacon production which do. Most parish priests prefer Christians to cows: apart from their human sympathies, their incomes depend largely on the population of the parishes. "Latifundia perdidere Hiberniam" might well be the motto of the League agitators. They would, however, prefer to see five hundred people indigent in an Irish district rather than two hundred fairly prosperous at home and three hundred facing the rough and tumble of life in the United States. But the fact, little though it be considered, is that emigration, in a wide sense, is not confined to the peasantry. The small landholders, and younger sons of the larger, are ceasing to stay in Ireland and live as squireens. They are going, chiefly, of course, to the Imperial services, but also to the professions outside Ireland, and to the colonies. The social composition of the Protestant Church, the Irish Bar, the medical profession, is changing, for the more ambitious of the landlord class find professional prospects at home discouraging, just as the most energetic of the peasantry seek their fortunes in America. To-day you will find the pick of the Irish gentry in India, South Africa, anywhere the Empire calls them.

We are here, however, concerned rather with Ireland than with Irishmen, and it is interesting to see what is being done in Ireland itself. This book shows that the work set on foot by Mr. Horace Plunkett, carried on steadily amid much ingratitude and some misunderstanding, is bearing good fruit. The assembly of the Recess Committee in 1896 was a very notable step. For Irish landlords to work towards the national well-being was no new thing: the much-abused party of "Ascendancy" founded in 1731 the Royal Dublin Society whose Horse Show this week has filled Dublin, and they soon extended its activities in such different directions as the encouragement of brewing and the inauguration of art teaching. "The first move in agricultural education was made in 1826 by a committee of the Ulster gentry." Thirty years after, the County Cork Agricultural Society, which has done good work, was started by Mr. Meade and Mr. Garde. In our own day

Mr. Horace Plunkett has taken the lead in practical work. But the popular party has not so good a record. Daniel O'Connell, himself a landlord, was thoroughly practical for all his rhetoric, and the National Bank owes its origin to him. But the Young Ireland party carried their idealism so far as to be careless of things material, and a good many more recent Nationalists have frankly set themselves against any measures which might make their countrymen contented under the Union. The more credit is therefore due to Mr. John Redmond, Mr. John Parnell, Mr. Field, and other Nationalists, who joined with Unionists on the Recess Committee and threw themselves into the task of surveying the real conditions of Irish life and attempting to improve them. The first practical result of the Committee, it is hardly too much to say, has been the formation of the Department of Agriculture. The work of the Congested Districts Board, founded in 1891, had proved that State action could be successful. In the poverty-stricken West spasmodic private benevolence in time of scarcity had done little but pauperise the people. The Board has built piers, acquired land for holdings, taught sea-fishing, encouraged cottage industries, and hopes gradually to make the people self-reliant. But the greater part of Ireland is not "congested", and there is much work for the new department. The result-fee system which has been the bane of education in Ireland had practically driven science teaching from the schools: the model farms fell before pedantic Cobdenites in the middle of the century. And yet the Irish farmer is willing to learn, and knows that he needs outside teaching. The new spirit of self-help that is growing in Ireland is most markedly seen in the success of the co-operative movement in the dairy industry, and of agricultural banks on the Raiffeisen system. One of the truest touches in Father Sheehan's "New Curate" is the belief of the villagers that the priest was secretly making money out of the village industries. The extent of peasant suspicion can hardly be understood by strangers. It is fostered by the fact that many of the members of elective local bodies cultivate systematic jobbery, and the spirit of Irish municipal politics has been largely Americanised. An object-lesson in the common honesty which succeeds as the best policy is sorely needed, and the co-operative movement seems to be supplying it.

The Department of Agriculture is wise in appealing to the interest of people outside Ireland by such means as the present handbook. Tourist development, with its many doubtful blessings, is prospering, but really very little is known here of Irish industries. It is the most difficult thing in the world to get Irish butter *as Irish* in London. The English trading-classes are slow to change their ways, and they believe Irish products to be inferior. It is to be hoped that very many of the visitors to the Glasgow Exhibition will study for themselves the unpretentious Irish Pavilion. If they go on to read this handbook they will acquire an enormous mass of information on the most discussed and least known, but we should be inclined most interesting, of the three kingdoms.

AMERICAN RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT.

IV.—THE UNITED STATES.

THE first railroad of any sort laid down in the United States appears to have been a tramway designed to facilitate the carriage from the quarries at Quincy, Massachusetts, of the granite used in the construction of the Bunker's Hill monument. This line, which had a gauge of 5 feet and a total length of about four miles, was projected as early as 1825. The permanent way consisted of stone sleepers, laid transversely and supporting wooden beams, along the upper side of which were affixed thin strips of iron forming the actual bearing surface. This pioneer railway had several features of antiquarian interest; for instance, upon it is said to have been introduced the first turntable ever used. In 1827 a colliery line was opened at Mauch Chunk in Pennsylvania and two years later this was followed by another in the same state, 16 miles long,

built by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company for the carriage of coal from the company's mines at Carbondale for shipment on the canal at Honesdale. Up to this time for traction purposes animal power, assisted in some cases by stationary engines, had alone been contemplated; but in 1828 the canal company despatched an engineer to England to study the working of the steam locomotives then becoming famous and to order three to be sent out to Pennsylvania for trial. One of the engines, obtained from an English factory at Stourbridge, was put in service at Honesdale on 9 August 1829 and was the first locomotive to run in America.

But the early railways were small and isolated and made for local purposes, and the honour of having been the first great trunk route in the country belongs to the Baltimore and Ohio. Inaugurated as early as 4 July, 1828, the ceremony of commencing its construction being performed by the last surviving signatory of the Declaration of Independence, this line now covers more than 2,200 miles from New York to Chicago and S. Louis. When the first section was opened for traffic in 1830 the proprietors were still in doubt as to the best method of traction. For a time horses and even sails were employed; and it was not until after a series of engine trials in 1831, corresponding to our own trials at Rainhill in the early days of the Manchester and Liverpool line, that steam, to the exclusion of other forms of motive power, was definitely decided upon. In the autumn of the same year the Mohawk and Hudson, a small line which had just been opened between Albany and Schenectady in the state of New York, commenced to run the first regular passenger train in the country, the engine used in the work being an English production named the "John Bull". In the following years the construction of American railroads proceeded with great rapidity though in spite of a detached line in Michigan opened as early as 1836 and a few others elsewhere west of the Alleghenies such progress as was made was, until about 1850, almost entirely confined to the states from Maine to Louisiana which were in direct ocean communication with Europe. The Camden and Amboy line connected Philadelphia with New York Bay in 1837; the Atlantic was joined to the great lakes by the completion of the lines between Boston and Albany and between Albany and Buffalo in 1842; the New Haven line opened in 1848 placed New York in direct contact with Boston; and in 1851 both the Hudson River Railroad between New York and Albany and the Erie line, finished almost at the same time, gave through routes between the lakes and New York. Originally a toll had been levied for the benefit of the state canal system on all freight moved by rail from Albany to the lakes but on the opening of the Erie line this was abolished, with the immediate result that the traffic increased immensely and the railway became thenceforth for goods as it had long been for passengers the normal means of transport. There was thus at the beginning of the second half of the last century a fairly extensive system of railways in existence throughout the Atlantic states and attention was now being turned to its prolongation westward. Chicago was at once selected as the natural objective; and that city, admirably suited by its geographical position for the collection and distribution of traffic in every direction, has since developed into the greatest railway centre of the world. It was first connected with New York by the completion in 1852 of lines, now forming part of the New York Central through route, running west from Buffalo on Lake Erie. The trains of the Pennsylvania, the Central Company's great rival, ran into Chicago four years later; and since that date the 900 miles of country lying between the two chief towns of America has been covered by a network of railroads whose infinite ramifications it would be quite impossible to deal with here.

Meanwhile the southern States, though they did not take up railway construction in earnest until after the war, had not by any means been standing still and had put in hand a number of lines of greater or less importance; but here again a general reference must suffice, for the main streams of traffic in the country flow along the

lines of latitude through Chicago and S. Louis rather than north and south, and in a short sketch like this the southern railways do not call for particular attention. The Rock Island line opened in 1854 was the first to be made through the country beyond Chicago to the Mississippi valley, and its completion was soon afterwards followed by that of the Illinois Central, the Chicago and Alton, the Burlington, and the Milwaukee and S. Paul. In the Pacific States a small local line was in operation as early as 1855, but it was not until many years later that a railway penetrated into the wide district lying between the prairie and the western slope of the Sierras; for, curiously enough, though the discovery of gold in California in 1848 immediately after its annexation to the United States had attracted much attention the idea of a transcontinental line to connect the Pacific coast with the various systems which were creeping out west from Chicago did not take definite shape until after the civil war. The necessity for such a line was then felt to be urgent and its construction was intrusted to the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific companies, chartered in 1862. The former was to carry out the undertaking from San Francisco over the Sierras to Ogden on the Great Salt Lake, and the Union Pacific was to be responsible from that point to Omaha. The charters provided that the line was to be in operation by 1876, but the time allowed proved to be far more than was required and in spite of a delay in starting on the Eastern section the whole work was completed in the spring of 1869. Authority was also obtained for a second transcontinental line, the Northern Pacific (which it may be incidentally mentioned is the only railway giving access to the great national preserve Yellowstone Park), but this owing to financial difficulties was not finished until 1883, and by that time two other routes, the Southern Pacific, and the Atcheson, Topeka, Santa Fé were ready for traffic. Since then yet another cross-country line has been opened by a company now known as the Great Northern, whose track running in the extreme north near the Canadian border is in touch at various points with the Canadian Pacific. These railways running to the Pacific coast have always possessed a special interest, owing partly to their great length, and partly to the engineering difficulties encountered in crossing the mountains and the remarkable scenery traversed, though the scenery on the Central Pacific is sadly marred by miles of snowsheds. Their importance has been augmented by recent events in the Pacific and possible trade developments in China. Large consolidations of existing interests have taken place, and an inclination is now being manifested on the part of the companies to add to their railway business the working of steamships across the Pacific.

THE FAILURE IN GREAT MEN.

GREAT men are not exactly a crop as are oats or potatoes, but the growth of them seems at times to fail much in the same way. One would like to discover the bacillus that causes the blight. If one contemplates either the episcopal or the legal bench, or the front benches, or university circles, or "the republic of letters" and art, it is difficult not to be a bit depressed. If it is not a case of pigmies in the place of giants, there is certainly a difference in the men of to-day from those of yesterday and the day before. They are of a different type. To say they are different is not of course to prove they are inferior. But one does feel that the mould somehow is smaller, that whatever may be modern judges' or bishops' attainments, whatever their character, they are not the men we used to have; that we do not see the striking individuals, the forceful personalities that have left their impression deep on the public memory. Consider Durham. Westcott, Creighton, Stubbs have no successors. Can the Courts show us figures striking in the manner of Mansfield, Cockburn, Coleridge? It is true we have Mr. Justice Lawrance, Mr. Justice Ridley, and Mr. Justice Darling; they have all made an impression, they have all "cut a figure"; but what figure? Has the Bar that confidence in the force, the personality of the Bench it had once? At Oxford,

who walks the streets with the dignity, the magnificence of Dean Liddell? And we have but one poet, and he not the creation of this day.

It may be, of course, that this impression of the smallness of the men around us is but an illusion of the false perspective of the present. It may be that when one says of the holder of a great office that he is not what his predecessor was, we are telling the truth more completely than we know, and that we think a man smaller than his predecessor when it is simply that he is not the same as he. Probably some of the greatest of men seemed small on ascending to high places to those who knew their predecessors. No one begins life as a great man. May be that as any great light goes out, there must always seem to be a dimness, burn all the other lights never so brightly. Possibly, too, there is something due to the illusion of familiarity. Perhaps as a man's own country, or his servant, cannot see the hero and the prophet in him, so the present can see little in its own generation, who will get their due only when time has suffused them with the rose colour of the past. What is unknown or far from us assumes heroic proportions. The contemporaries of the great men who seem to us to have no successors very likely thought they lived in an age of pigmies too; that they were a degenerate race. Or again it may be that we are trying our own generation by an unfair test, the test of wholly exceptional characters by whom their contemporaries appeared quite as small as the men of this day. It is true, as somebody said, we fancy it was Mr. D. S. MacColl, speaking of painters, that we ascend the course of history by a succession of leaps from peak to peak, taking no account of the valleys and the intervening lesser heights, while we ourselves live in a valley; so that the past seems all lofty eminence, the present low depression. An age, a generation is to us the age, the generation of a great man. We trace the history of politics, literature, art by stepping-stones of great names. We of this day try our political personalities by the standard of Disraeli and Gladstone, and, all seeming small in comparison, we are inclined to think them not only small but tiny, and that the men of our day are inferior to the men of Gladstone and Disraeli's time. But Gladstone and Disraeli were wholly exceptional personalities in their own day as much as in our ours, and would have been so in any age and in any country.

Even if we are not the victims of any of these illusions, if there is a scarcity of great men now, it may be urged that we have merely struck a bad period, as you may have a bad year with any crop. That from time to time there have always been periods of depression in the race; that this is merely a temporary phase, unfortunate (or perhaps fortunate, seeing that most of us are very small persons) for those who happen to live in it, but a phase which will pass away as have all such before it; when great men, poets, statesmen, soldiers, orators, will spring from the earth, a mighty host, as before. Probably during the régime of Lord Liverpool, people thought they had fallen on evil times of political eclipse; Chatham and Pitt were gone: great figures in politics were few enough then; yet England was making one of her mightiest efforts, and a successful one.

Well, let those who will lay these flattering unctions to their souls; let them persuade themselves. We are not persuaded. True there have been times of depression with apparently few great figures, but there has not been a general occupation of their places by a multitude of laboriously manufactured second-rates. That is the sinister feature of our age; that is the depressing element. The second-rates are growing so rapidly in number that like rabbits they seem destined to eat off everything from the face of the earth, leaving no room for the great man, and nothing for him to live on, even if he edged himself in. Do we indeed lie under the "curse of education", as Mr. Harold Gorst depicts it in a most suggestive little book? The theory was beautiful; all were to be given enough instruction to allow of free play for the natural abilities: penury and lack of advantages were no longer to freeze up the

career of genius at its source. All were to be instructed, and the geniuses, their wings pinioned no longer by want of education or any other *res angusta*, would shoot out from the multitude and soar aloft. The mass was to be raised and at the same time the number of the great ones was to increase tenfold. That was the hope of the world. But "how is our bright Era of Hope clouded over now!" Education has not produced any of these glorious results. The average has been more instructed undoubtedly; say it has been raised, if it pleases you; it is certainly more in evidence. The disaster is that with the advance of the mass, genius has retreated. Some soothe their uneasy feelings by declaring that this is merely a stage in the evolution. That it was necessary that the reign of the average man should come first, and then, he having achieved his proper type, the glorified geniuses will take over the regenerate world and reign everlastingly. May be so; but we fear an arrested development. If it must be that the advance of the mass mean the retreat of the great, the election to which a nation is put is dour indeed; it is tremendous. For the average, the mass, never has and never will make or save a nation; and the need of great men has never been more plainly compelling than now. Shall we then depress the mass that genius may abound? The ancients said yes: they thought it an inexorable necessity. But perhaps there is a more excellent way. What if it is not education, not advance that has brought us to the pass where the twentieth century finds us; but false education, movement along a wrong road that leads not forward at all, if one saw the end? We have tried instruction and books; and they have failed; suppose we now try teaching and a new life; life on lines laid down by nature and God.

MODERN BOWLING.

(Continued.)

WITH the rise of fast bowling and the rapid improvement of wickets medium pace trundling began to fall out of favour. Lohmann and Barnes had gone, Attewell whom by the way Mr. Steel classes as slow, had fallen off and the Notts school was beginning to disappear. The medium pace was found "just fast enough to hit"; it did not yet allow batsmen time to hesitate as in the case of really slow bowling or hustle them out as in the case of fast; and on the good true wickets it was easy to play. Jack Hearne and Mead were probably the best of the class; but fine bowlers as they were, especially the former, they never equalled Lohmann or Turner. Walter Hearne, the brother of Jack, who was thought to have a great future was early disabled by an accident. The ordinary off-break slow bowlers, who except for the slight inferiority in speed are practically the same as the medium ones have of late years made no special mark: Tate and Cuttell are amongst the best but they have never convinced, as did Steel or Spofforth or Woods or Richardson. In fact all slow or medium pace bowlers, except an occasional individual who possesses great power of spin, are severely handicapped. Rhodes is a case in point. On some wickets he is probably the finest bowler in the world, but his style, slow to medium left, is not easy to succeed with and is therefore not likely to attract imitators. Fast bowling requires strength, endurance and a loose arm: extreme accuracy and command over the ball are less necessary to this style than slow left hand, and moreover on a hard wicket pace is always likely to get men out. While only one man in a thousand may make a really successful slow bowler, twenty may earn a place by speed and a high action. Even Rhodes is severely punished on really true wickets, the remarkable success he has had this year having been very largely due to his power of using the slightest assistance afforded by the ground and to his wonderful performances on crumbled or sticky wickets. At Lord's for instance in the Players' match he did not get a wicket and Abel showed his judgment by bowling him so little. Gunn, perhaps in his day the finest fast-medium bowler in England, Lockwood and Hirst, both fast, Braund a leg-breaker and Trott, a typical Australian, got the Gentlemen out with a third of the

* "The Curse of Education." By Harold Gorst. London: Grant Richards. 1901. 2s. 6d.

time and cost that Rhodes would probably have expended. It may be melancholy, but it is a fact that pace (brute strength some will call it) is at present more effective than anything else excepting leg-break bowling, i.e. the only kind of slow bowling that will twist on modern grounds, or "tricky" bowling which to a large extent does not depend on the ground at all.

The second system to which we have referred is the leg-break school. This has been considerably elaborated since Mr. Steel first introduced it. It was at one time customary to deride this method as only likely to succeed with nervous or inferior batsmen. We quite admit that its permanent value is largely dependent on the fear of the unknown, but it is all the more to be welcomed on that account. Moreover if the leg-break is decently bowled it is anything but easy to play. Messrs. Steel and Townsend who at their best had a wonderful control of it stand out as two of the most remarkable bowlers that the game has seen. For a time they routed every batsman they met, not excluding the very best. But for some years after it was introduced it had comparatively few exponents. Why this was so is not quite clear. Excepting Mr. Steel and Cooper the Australian Mr. Nepean is the only one of the type whom we can remember as a bowler of mark before 1890. Possibly its expensiveness—and even at the present day it is an expensive style—told against it. But as grounds improved captains realised more and more the need of variety in their attack. The career of Townsend brought leg-breaks into startling prominence, and G. S. Trott, the old Australian captain, though not a great bowler, used it with fine judgment on several occasions. In 1896 the Varsities had two good "leg-tossers" in Hartley and Cobbold. In the last five years the method of bowling the leg-break has decidedly altered. Mr. Steel never bowled for catches further round than deep square leg and, if we remember rightly the same applies to Townsend, Hartley and Nepean. The modern fashion of bowling entirely on and outside the legs of the batsmen, with six or seven fields on the inside, two or three being behind the wicket, is the last development of this peculiar form of attack. Whether it is as effective as the old distribution, according to which the fields were fairly divided between the on and the off, we are inclined to doubt, for this arrangement allowed more scope for the off break and forced the batsman to play more with his bat and less with his legs. At any rate both methods are very useful and few sides are now without a "leg-breaker".

The last "school", to which we have given the name of "tricky", is one with few followers. It is the old Australian school, suited, as advertisements would say, to all kinds and paces of bowling. Its best, almost its sole representative in England, is Albert Trott. Its distinguishing characteristics are change of pace and flight. When the ground no longer helps him the bowler turns for aid to the air. Spofforth was its originator; Giffen Noble and Macleod, Trumble and others have followed in his footsteps. This art of altering the flight and pace together with many of the finer devices have for the reason given above been undoubtedly more closely studied in the Colonies. The tour of Mr. Stoddart's last team in Australia and the return visit in '99 certainly proved the superiority, taking one day with another, of the Colonials' out-work. The summary method in which they dealt with Jessop is a case in point. They grasped at once, what few English bowlers have been able to realise in half a dozen years, that constant variation of pace length and direction was the only way to meet the great hitter. With the exception of one or two men like Mr. Mason, whom, whatever his analysis, we should at this moment include in our England Eleven, head-work and a careful study of the diviner side of bowling is in England rather conspicuous by its absence. Yet on modern wickets it is to these refinements that the great mass of bowlers, who cannot win by pace or finger-break must have recourse if scores are to be lessened. Great bowlers of this type will, we fear, always be rare. Head-bowling requires great keenness of observation and some power of consecutive thought besides the requisite executive

ability. A further difficulty—and this only bowlers can properly realise—is the deadening effect of a long struggle on a hard ground under a hot sun. The bowler becomes mentally as well as physically tired and his power of observation is weakened. Experience of batsmen, a possession which still makes Dr. Grace a dangerous opponent, is only slowly acquired. Another error into which young bowlers constantly fall is that of attempting too many dodges. In so doing they show their hands and very often lose their length. Coaches cannot too clearly insist upon the vital importance of this last quality. A bowler without length becomes a "last change man" at once. The art of using bad balls, which Lohmann possessed in so high a degree, can only be acquired by learning to bowl good ones. But despite the difficulties, a higher standard must be aimed at. No one should rest satisfied while he has to confess that a wicket is too good for him.

These two articles are not intended to replace Mr. Steel's chapter in the *Badminton*. We have merely endeavoured to give some account of the development of modern bowling and to arrive at some conclusion as to its probable future. While we should welcome the reintroduction of the old leg-bias style as a useful variation, we have seen that the three cardinal elements of bowling, as exemplified by the history of the last ten years, are pace, break after the pitch, and deviation before it. Richardson, Townsend and Albert Trott, are the types amongst which the future bowler must choose; it is hardly likely that he will combine the characteristics of all three. Want of physique may close the career of the fast bowler to many: they will have to decide between the remaining two. Head-work is in a degree necessary to them all; but to him who would cultivate what we have called the Australian method it is more than important: it is a *sine qua non*. The fast bowler has his pace: the leg-breaker his curl and the batsman's uneasiness: the ordinary medium pace or slow bowler has nothing but his head and the air. It is possible that in future years not a few of our bowlers will acquire the art of making the ball swerve in the air like the baseball throwers. If they could combine this with accuracy we venture to say that the problem of cricket reform would be solved without further trouble.

THE BOURGEOIS IN THE COUNTRY.

THE market! . . . We, in Moret-sur-Loing, have been looking forward to it, imagining it, scanning the spot where it is held, recalling other French market-places ever since we first bowed before the amiable patron and patronne of our hotel. Our immediate inquiry was after—the market. "Tell us", we cried, "when we, like the villagers, may go forth in our newest clothes, in high spirits as though to some fine ceremony, to view fruits and vegetables, gigots and rôti if we like, stalls of chiffons and trinkets, patent medicines, soaps, scents, and —". "A week hence, *mon pauvre monsieur*", interrupted the patronne. "The market takes place on Tuesdays only: as it is Tuesday night you have just missed it." "Then", we replied, "the week will be empty, sombre; the week will be a year, a century; but for you, Madame, and your admirable hotel, the week would be intolerable". And the patronne bowed and smiled; we bowed and smiled, "*comme dans le monde*", in fact "*en mondains*". Never was there sweeter smiling, better bowing, in Moret.

However, we were testy; and this testiness has not altogether disappeared. We had counted on the market, no ordinary occasion in a French village. Indeed, the market in Moret comes second only to the annual fête; for it one dresses carefully, choosing after infinite selection a scarf, an uncommon waistcoat; also, one assumes a worldly air, toying with a cane, a cigarette. Deem us not frivolous, not vain: but we were and are still disappointed, having our scarf, our waistcoat. So, we must wait; and, in the meanwhile, pass our time among distinctly bourgeois Parisians—husbands, wives, children, all fellow-guests—who although strangers in the beginning have since become fast friends and who, among other sociable

accomplishments, sing choice selections from "Carmen" and "Mignon", play "agreeably" the piano. "On ne s'ennuie pas", says the patron. "C'est jolie, la musique", adds his wife. Thus encouraged the Parisians play, the Parisians sing; from the terrace of the hotel, through the open window, we watch them. At the piano sits a certain Monsieur Duval, his friends surrounding him. Sometimes they say "Que c'est beau!" whereupon Monsieur Duval presses more heavily than ever upon the pedal. Crashes come, and long, long runs. Monsieur Duval finishes at last with a terrific chord, is congratulated, says "it's nothing"; and gives way to Madame Duval who crosses her hands as she confronts her audience to sing sadly of a moonlight walk. But we cannot imagine Madame Duval sighing, trembling, lingering by the lake: Madame Duval sharp-featured and thin, Madame Duval who comes on to the terrace eventually in a pink cotton shawl and gesticulates, smacks her lips as she describes the happiest method of preparing mushrooms. Then, servants are condemned, grocers and concierges: so that we hear, "Oui, monsieur"; "Je vous le jure, madame"; "C'était une bien méchante fille, madame"; "Il n'y avait qu'une livre et demie, monsieur, et j'avais commandé deux livres, monsieur", and Monsieur declares that it was lucky Madame weighed that butter, and Madame declares she weighs everything, but everything, "mon cher monsieur"; whereupon each lady determines to weigh and weigh and weigh in the future. . . "et bien exactement, cher monsieur". Still, Madame Duval cannot forget that moonlight walk: trills occasionally. Her husband hums; the rest take up a note here and there. "On ne s'ennuie pas." "On est musicien." "C'est jolie, la musique." However, books are soon discussed, and the taste of our Parisians in that direction is frankly bourgeois. Their "maître" is that coarse scribbler, Paul de Kock; with Georges Ohnet, Alphonse Allais, "on s'amuse", "on rit". And as each Parisian has his favourite book, his pet passage, quotations are given, incidents picked out at random: so that once again the voices rise "And when he broke that bottle!" and "When he could not find money enough to pay the bill!" and "When he heard he was in the wrong train!" and "When he came face to face with his mother-in-law!" Laughter; peal upon peal of laughter! Eventually, when the children arrive, the Parisians spring up and, with characteristic amiability, embrace Marguerite, chase Edouard, propose that a game of "main chaude" should be played. Nothing could be simpler, stupider. No experience is necessary, no skill. Marguerite hiding her eyes with one hand holds out the other, and has to guess who touches it. She reflects; she frowns; she cries—"C'est maman" or "C'est papa" or "C'est Monsieur Duval". Right or wrong, she is applauded. Cries go up. One is entertained by the amazing spectacle of elderly men and women creeping to and fro, hastening back as quietly as possibly to their places; then—if "found out"—hiding their eyes, holding out a hand, excitedly declaring "C'est Marguerite" or "C'est Marie" or "C'est Edouard". And we are called upon to play and made at last to hold out our hand, but cannot for the life of us name the one who touches it. Thus, our Parisians, their children, by night and by day; thus, ourselves. Our mind has become a blank, no book, no question could interest us; we are utterly demoralised. Another month of this: and we, too, may find ourselves playing Monsieur Duval's valse, crossing our hands to sing sadly of a moonlight walk; condemning servants, comparing concierges, holding forth against the tricks played upon us by butchers, milkmen and grocers. Perhaps we may take to reading with enjoyment Paul de Kock, Georges Ohnet. Who knows but that we may be seized suddenly with a passion for "main chaude" as we sit with vacant mind and vacant eyes on the terrace of the hotel, among the Parisians, waiting, waiting for the market?

Occasionally, local visitors arrive to sip coffee and cognac; but we are not exhilarated by their gossip. The garde champêtre, something of a power, tells an interminable story about a poacher. He gave chase, but the fellow escaped. He scoured the property, but could not find him. At no time did he see the poacher's

face, so cannot swear that it was a poacher. Perhaps it was, perhaps it was not—who knows? At all events, life is strange and one must always be on the look out for poachers. "Bon jour, Monsieur Simon." "Il fait beau, Monsieur Perrin." "On dit qu'il fait encore plus chaud à Paris, messieurs." "Monsieur, c'est probable." In the distance the Parisians cry: "Bon jour, ma petite Marguerite", and, "Bon jour, mon gros Edouard". A seedy commercial traveller, burdened with samples, asks for the addresses of the milliners in Moret. There are three milliners and all three evidently refuse to be tempted by the traveller, for he returns almost immediately and orders coffee. He says he has dyspepsia, rheumatism, a cold in the head. "Cependant", observes some one, "il fait chaud". The thing is deemed a phenomenon: fancy in hot weather having a cold in the head. Extraordinary! Almost as mysterious as the anecdote about the poacher! "Et", continues another, "il fait même très chaud". To prove that he really has a cold in the head, the traveller sneezes. "Ah", says some one, "c'est vrai: vous êtes enrhumé". Tears come into the traveller's colourless eyes; after drying them he salutes the company, collects his samples, limps off, a seedy, melancholy figure. Nor does "Whisky" make us gay: "Whisky" the dog with a doggy smell, a dusty coat, mistaken by us in the darkness one night for a poodle. But he is not "de race". No one knows his origin. He is descended from terriers, collies, retrievers, mastiffs. He is ungainly. Yet everyone cries "Whisky", "Whisky", "Whisky"; and "Good Whisky" and "Wicked Whisky", and we are infected—as the dog passes, murmur faintly, "Whisky, Whisky, Whisky". At intervals, all day long, goes up the call, "Whisky". Followed by "Edouard", "Marguerite". Succeeded by Monsieur Duval's valse, Madame Duval's song. Capped finally, and right on until bed-time, by, "C'est maman", "C'est papa", "C'est Monsieur Duval". . . .

However, to-day, our sojourn on the terrace comes to an end. It is the eve of the market: Bright Monday. Our testiness has gone; we should consent directly after lunch and throughout the afternoon, out of sheer amiability, to play "main chaude", and we are resolved to applaud the song, the valse. We can be caught smiling, we have lost that vacant look; we exchange bows with the patronne as ceremoniously as a week ago. And we question her about the market-people and hear—that they are happiest, most independent people in the universe. They make their own prices, and get them. If one protests, they shrug their shoulders, do not care. They know they are necessary, essential. Without them one would starve: what wonder that their monstrous purses are crammed with silver, gold! Also—think of it!—they, being the earliest risers, get the first cup of milk, the first draught of air. There is cream on their milk; there are no microbes as yet in the air. The market-people alone know what milk is, what air is; by the time we are up, the milk is skimmed, the air poisoned. "Ah, mais ils sont heureux, vous savez", cries the patronne. "Ils ont de la veine, ces types-là". Then, we approach the cobbled street where to-morrow the market will be held and determine to be there in good time. Not too early, for we would be fashionable. Not too late, as it would be sad to miss a single beau, a single belle. At ten; from ten to twelve, rising at eight. Perhaps it would be as well to unfold that scarf, that waistcoat and lay them out in readiness overnight.

THE YACHTING SEASON.

IN a retrospective glance at the yacht racing of 1901 it is impossible not to notice that the loss in the number of its votaries occasioned by their absence in South Africa has robbed part if not the whole of the season of many prominent sportsmen. So far as the larger class of racing yachts are concerned interest seemed to expire with the end of the Clyde Regattas. "Sybarita" was laid up and "Meteor" withdrawn, naturally enough, by her owner, and sailed for what we must now call her own waters in order to be present at the Kiel regattas. "Cariad" also was retired into the seclusion of premature

winter quarters. In fact so far as this class was concerned the season, which was begun with so keen an interest and a very fair field of large vessels, ended as soon as the "Shamrock" trials were finished in an almost absolute blank. In the early autumn no appearance in the Solent or on the South coast of a first class racing yacht was observable, save for the meteor-like appearance of the ship whose transitory visit to Cowes might be said to justify her name. "Britannia", and "Bona" were certainly to be seen in the Solent, but for both of them racing days are over for the present; the reduction of spars and canvas which each has undergone has relegated them into the cruiser class.

In the 65-ft. class the same scarcity of competitors was noticeable, for here again even the seductive programmes of late July and early August were powerless to produce more than two of the class, "Tutty" and "Nevada".

In the 52-ft. boats, three competitors appeared with praiseworthy consistency at each succeeding regatta, but no more. From a sporting point of view this seems a great pity, for it is doubtful if any class of racer gives more actual sport and amusement to those actively engaged in sailing than do the old 20s' as they are often called, and certainly we should say that the owner of one of them will both get more fun for his money, in comparison with the owner of a larger ship, and at the same time spend less in cash. We trust that circumstances will permit of a large increase in this class next season.

Of the 5-raters and 2½s and other small craft, so far as the Solent was concerned there were well filled races to be seen almost every day, and reports would indicate that a similar interest was taken in small class racing in many other localities.

As to the racing on the Clyde public attention was largely diverted from the larger class competitions by the fact that the two "Shamrocks" were sailing trials in the same locality and took part in some of the races, and it was mostly on these two vessels that yachtsmen in general, and those of the public who are interested in the sport, centred their interests. We have dealt with the "Shamrocks" in a previous article, and as with their disappearance occurred the retirement of most of the large racers, there is practically nothing more to be said about the class. Indeed if it had not been for the handicap class in the South, which this year secured as a recruit the new "Leander" (a yacht with an uncommon turn of speed when there is any weight in the wind), and a further one in the re-appearance of "Irex", after several years of seclusion, there would practically have been no large boat racing towards the end of the season. Much as we appreciate the fact that this handicap class gives amusement and sport to their owners and their friends, we trust that a flagging interest in the building and racing of large class racers may not be allowed to have the result of transferring to the handicap class the chief place in yacht racing. A handicap race is at best only a field for conjecture, and cannot compare in any way, from a sporting point of view, with a class race. We should be sorry indeed to see any diminution in the handicap class, but we should be still more sorry to think that there was any likelihood of large class racers becoming unfashionable.

Probably from a technical point of view, the 52-footer "Magdalen" is the ship which has attracted most attention, and from her performances we think it fair to surmise that in this class at all events the new rating rule will prove a success. It will be remembered that the Yacht Racing Association last year altered the rating rule. The old rule was as follows:—"Length plus beam plus $\frac{1}{4}$ of the girth, plus $\frac{1}{2}$ of the square root of the sail area; this sum divided by two gave the rating". Experience showed as the result of this rule that a type of boat was being constructed, which, though exceedingly speedy, was neither what might be termed a wholesome sea boat, nor comfortable for those living on board. The type thus produced was a shallow bodied vessel, with a deep fin and heavy lead keel. The Y.R.A. therefore set themselves to devise a formula, which, while encouraging the building of a more wholesome type of boat, should not if possible impair its speed. The

desideratum aimed at was a vessel with a deeper body, and with that in view, the Y.R.A. taxed the space contained between the actual skin of the ship and a chain stretched tightly from the load water level on one side under the keel to load water level on the other, or from girth mark to girth mark, in the plane of the girth measurement section. The chain girth measurement is deducted from the skin girth measurement and the difference multiplied by 4 forms a new factor in the formula of calculation which now stands thus:—

$$L. \text{ plus } B. \text{ plus } 0.75G. \text{ plus } 0.5 \text{ Sq. Rt. S. A. plus } 4D.$$

2'I

the 4D equalling four times the difference between the two girth measurements. It will thus be easily seen that the shallower the body, and the deeper the keel, the greater will be the penalty to be carried as represented by 4D, and of course the inverse is the effect of a deeper body and shallower keel. The result that might be expected from this alteration in the rule was looked for with much interest. So far as speed is concerned, the "Magdalen" appears to prove that the new conditions cause no diminution in that respect. We have not seen her out of the water, and we do not know what her behaviour has been in a seaway, but we have heard no complaints, and therefore assume she is as good a sea boat or better than the vessels of the old type. Up to a certain point the deepening of the body is almost bound to make a more powerful sea boat.

So far, so good, but when we leave this class and come to consider the 5-raters we are bound to say that we do not think any of this year's productions much encourage enthusiasm as to the change in the rule. We have had opportunities of comparing a celebrated exemplification of the old type "Westria" with the modern boats, and the former even with an old and indifferently-set suit of sails appeared to travel considerably faster than the new boats. "Westria" of course has a steel fin and bulbed keel, and is a very shallow-bodied boat; she is also fitted with a balance rudder, and compared with the new type, she not only appears to sail faster but she is also far quicker in staying. Indeed it is practically admitted by the new Y.R.A. time allowance scale that this type of boat is faster than the new one, for when they race together, the old boats have to allow the new ones time. Whether they can afford to concede the amount they are rated to give is a different matter. We take it that the new rule was made more with the object of encouraging a new type than of bringing old and new together in a race.

In connexion with this topic we may say that it seems to us desirable that the Y.R.A. should establish two rules or formulæ, one which shall govern the larger and what we may term the sea going class of racer, and another which shall govern the smaller vessels that almost always race in sheltered waters. With the larger class undoubtedly the securing of an able seaboat is of the first importance, while with the smaller in all probability speed would commend itself to the owners of this class of boat as the principal desideratum. It may be a moot point, which class a 5 rater would come into, but there is not much doubt that 2½s and under would take their place in the latter category. It seems altogether antagonistic to progress that an improved rule should produce a slower boat.

Of the racing at Cowes there is nothing to be said that has not already been said: an improvement in programmes we think has been noticed. There is one point in connexion with the Cowes week which we have observed with regret. A protest was lodged by a competitor for the Town Cup and the decision given did not satisfy the other party to this protest, who has appealed to the Y.R.A. for a decision. The matter is therefore still "sub iudice". That being the case it is with some surprise and a great deal of regret that we have seen articles in some of the papers bearing on this subject, showing extreme bias; nor was this exhibition of partisanship confined to obscure journals, but was observable in one or two of great reputation. This method of discussing matters still sub iudice can have no good effect and possibly may do no little harm.

NERVES.

THE modern malady of love is nerves.

Love, once a simple madness, now observes
The stages of his passionate disease,
And is twice sorrowful, because he sees,
Inch by inch entering, the fatal knife.
O health of simple minds, give me your life,
And let me, for one midnight, cease to hear
The clock for ever ticking in my ear,
The clock that tells the minutes in my brain.
It is not love, nor love's despair, this pain
That shoots a witless, keener pang across
The simple agony of love and loss.
Nerves, nerves! O folly of a child who dreams
Of heaven, and, waking in the darkness, screams.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN CAPE COLONY.

II.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cape Town, 1901.

SIR,—If there is discontent with local self-government here there is still greater discontent with the self-government of the Colony by the responsible Assembly. When responsible government was granted to this Colony in 1872 under the auspices of Lord Kimberley, who was then colonial authority, there were many who thought the grant was premature and their opinion has been proved right by subsequent events. The constitutional government then established has not been used in support of the Constitution but to upset it. There can be no doubt that a majority of the Dutch colonists wished to get rid of British supremacy and as they could not do it by physical force they have attempted to do it by what they call "constitutional means", that is by utilising the parliamentary vote to destroy the Power that gave it. If there be such a thing as ingratitude amongst nations, there never was a case of blacker ingratitude than that shown by the Dutch who are supporters of the Bond. No colonial power could have treated them better or in a more generous spirit than Great Britain has. The Colonial Office, heaven knows, has made mistakes enough in times past in treating this Colony but these mistakes have affected British and Dutch alike. There has been no undue preference. Every right and every privilege that a British subject has had has been equally bestowed upon the Dutch. Their franchise is the same and their language has been allowed equal rights with English. There is not another European Power including Holland which would have treated them so generously, and this generosity has been repaid not by open defiance but by underground plotting and scheming after the fashion of secret societies in Poland or Italy. This plotting is continuing at the present time. It is recognised by loyalists here that it is fortunate for the Empire that the Boer war came when it did. It could not have been avoided and if it had come two or three years later, it would have been much worse for Great Britain than it has been. The great service which Sir Alfred Milner has rendered to his country consists in his having recognised this fact and in his having had the courage to face it. But when the war is over the danger to this Colony will not cease. In all probability there will be greater difficulties to contend with here than in the Transvaal or the Orange River Colony. There there will be a comparatively clean slate upon which to start afresh and the Dutch will not be in a majority, but here the same state of things will exist as before the war commenced and that state of things is not in favour of British

supremacy. Small matters may denote great changes and the fact of the Cape Ministry some two or three years ago abolishing the Queen's head on their postage stamps, substituting a ridiculous female figure supposed to represent something or other, and an attempt made at the same time to alter the Royal arms are significant when taken in connexion with other actions of the Bond. The powers of responsible government were bestowed upon this Colony by an Imperial Act of Parliament and nothing can take it away except the Power which created it. There are many advocates now calling upon the British Government to suspend the Constitution. The step would be a grave one and it should never be undertaken unless absolutely necessary. If in the next Parliament the Bond get a majority and use that majority for disloyal purposes, then may come the time to act, but not till then. Fortunately the presence of colonials here from Canada, Australia and New Zealand has given them an insight into the working of constitutional government by the Dutch, and, warm supporters as they all are of self-government, they acknowledge the generosity and fairness with which the Mother Country has acted in the past; and if in the future she has to resort to coercive measures, she will have the strong support of all her other colonies. They fully recognise that it is not a question of colonial self-government but whether Cape Colony is to be governed by the Dutch or by the British. They constantly acknowledge that Great Britain commenced the war with clean hands and that it has been conducted with greater humanity and with greater consideration for the sufferings of opponents than any former war. They have not the same high opinion of some of the military tactics.

Yours obediently,
M.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dublin, 29 August, 1901.

SIR,—“Books are part of man's prerogative,” wrote Sir Thomas Overbury. He would have chosen his words more carefully perhaps in the present day; especially if he had thought of a problem suggested by the meetings this week of the Library Association. But in truth the poet used the word merely in that old-fashioned manner which, very gratuitously, assumes that mankind includes womankind. He meant that people must have books. He did not reflect that this is much more easily said than done—in the country, for instance. It may be perfectly true that

“’Twas heaven to lounge upon a couch, said Gray,
And read new novels on a rainy day;”

but where are the new novels to be procured? “Mudie” is the inevitable answer; yet a subscription library is not within the reach of every pocket, nor can countryfolk expect to get all the new books they want quite so readily as people who perpetually hover about the counter. For the poorer class of reader, at all events, the free library is the more accessible; but how many country towns there are which nourish economic scruples concerning a halfpenny rate, or where the population is not large enough to maintain a library on this moderate levy! Small towns cannot afford a free library; small people cannot afford a big subscription; what then is to be done to assert “man's prerogative”? Stealing is not to be seriously considered; though the country bookseller already denounces the new-book-trade as little better than a robbery.

There are, however, perfectly innocent ways of circumventing these obstacles. The commonest thing is to find a number of people who want to see the usual run of the season's books, without any particular desire for special study. This want has been met very successfully, as we happen to know, by a sort of joint-stock arrangement. Twenty-six people, say, join together to buy books; each pays a guinea a year; and as many volumes are bought as will supply each member with at least a couple of books. (It is amazing how many books you can buy for £26 with the three-penny discount.) Once a fortnight the books are sent on from house to house in strict rotation, and by the

end of the year, each of the twenty-six members has seen every volume in the collection. The books may then be sold, or formed into the nucleus of a permanent local library, or divided by lot among the members. The last plan seems to be most appreciated. The subscribers feel that with two or three new books on their shelves they have got something durable for their money; the acquisitive instinct is developed; the man of thrift reflects that the guinea was not thrown away: indeed, with a fine disregard of discount and second-hand prices, he has been heard to rejoice that his talent has multiplied, his guinea has procured him a two-guinea biography.

In America this plan has been developed on a larger scale. Take the book club described above, and for "member" read "town," and you have the principle of the "Travelling Library" devised and managed by Mr. H. Parmelee of Des Moines, Iowa. A thousand different volumes on all subjects of general interest are distributed in twenty cabinets of fifty volumes each to twenty towns, and at fixed dates each cabinet travels on to the next town, so that at the end of five years the subscribers in all those twenty towns have had the opportunity (if they have the courage) to read the whole thousand books. Each town pays the cost of one cabinet, estimated at \$50, plus a percentage for repairs, and for this it enjoys the use of the other 950 books as well. This arrangement is said to have worked remarkably smoothly for some years, and an immense number of books are in circulation on the system. The inventor has recently added a new feature in what he calls "the University of the Travelling Library." The style is perhaps a little ambitious, but the notion has merits. Collections of books dealing with special subjects are substituted for the general libraries of the original plan, and the subscribing towns are thus enabled to carry out a tolerably detailed course of study in forty different subjects. Examination papers are even supplied for each of these subjects, drawn up by specialists, and those students who answer them satisfactorily receive a "diploma." We also hear of prizes and other rewards. A good many conditions need to be fulfilled to ensure valuable results from this development of the system; but at least it seems to offer a useful circle of "home reading," whilst to students who wish to work up a special subject, of which they possibly do not know the bibliography, the advantage of being able to command a series of books, if skilfully chosen by competent authorities, is not to be denied.

There seems no reason why some such system should not be adopted in England. There must be numerous small towns and villages, where no free library exists, but which could muster the few pounds needed for the purchase of the fifty-book cabinet; and the rest is merely a matter of organisation. To a large purchaser, such as this society would be, publishers would doubtless offer favourable terms; and when the libraries had finished their rounds, they might be turned to some use in local reading rooms. The only consideration that can be urged against such a plan is that it is at once so simple and so obvious that one would imagine it would long ago have been in use, if there were not some vital obstacle to its success. But it has evidently succeeded in the United States, and although we here cannot boast of an equal area for circulation, I do not see why, under proper management, inspired by equal energy, and controlled perhaps by better literary taste, the system should not also succeed in Great Britain. It would certainly meet a want that must have occurred to everyone acquainted with English rural society.

Your obedient servant,

LITT. D.

FACT IN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wick Court, near Bristol, 26 August, 1901.

SIR,—Is it quite true that "The invention of printing destroyed literature" and that "What had once been an art for the few became a trade for the many"?

"Once upon a time" the many did not read at all; literature was for the few. Because the many do read

now and read for the most part trash, does that necessarily affect the reading of the few? For the few are there no productions of literature as excellent now as in the past? I cannot see how the question is affected by the fact that the average Englishman is now fed by forms of literature which in the past did not exist. The true question is:—Are the few, well fed in the past, starving in the present? I submit they are as well fed as ever. The worship of fact may be a wholly modern attitude of mind, but is it not a worship set up by those who before worshipped nothing? Are there not as many worshippers as ever at the shrine of the ideal? Has there not been evolved in these later days a crowd of *would-be* worshippers who can find no shrine? Success—wealth and position—comes now, as it always has and always must, to those whose concoctions tickle the largest number of palates. But are there not as many honest artists now as ever? Is not the demand for honest art—always necessarily small—as great now as ever?

If this be true and man has not fallen in mental power and honesty, then literature is still an art for the few, if it has attained a further use (?) as a trade for the many.

MATTHEW STRONG.

THE SHORTCOMINGS OF BAYREUTH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eisenach, 26 August.

SIR,—Having on many occasions been at Bayreuth for the whole festival, I feel that it is urgently necessary that the protest against an inferior conductor should be made as strongly as possible. At first lack of experience and youth were made excuses for the feebleness of Mr. Siegfried Wagner's performances, and we heard much of "jealousy" and the right he had to a fair hearing. I have been present at many performances of "Der Ring" at Bayreuth and I can only say that the second one this year was bad enough, especially in regard to the conducting, to justify those who say that these festivals are no longer needed and that their pretensions to superiority over ordinary performances are absurd. Richter and Mottl in the theatre and such a conductor in the orchestra was indeed a trial of patience to the audience.

Yours truly,

"SINCE 1884."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 August, 1901.

SIR,—I was extremely interested in the letter of a "Constant Visitor to Bayreuth", having also assisted at the second cycle.

I was particularly pained at the execution of the "Wald-weben", for I had been privileged to hear in Brussels in May a rendering of the same by the Berlin Orchestra under Nikisch, and it is almost impossible to realise how much the music, inspired as it is in itself, is dependent on the conductor. Listening to Nikisch one scarcely dared to breathe for fear of breaking the spell for which at Bayreuth one waited in vain. It was a great disappointment, and one I think that ought not to have been experienced.

It was difficult to believe it was the same orchestra that played the Overture to *Fliegende Holländer* under another conductor.

AN UNPREJUDICED LISTENER.

A SLIP OF MEMORY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 August.

SIR,— "Remember Leech's drawing of Brown Jones &c. &c." (See "Old Time Travel" SATURDAY REVIEW for last week, page 234.)

The drawings were by Dicky Doyle—first in "Punch"—then published separately. I do not remember Leech having ever done anything in a similar style or vein.

Yours very truly,

F. C. BURNAND.

REVIEWS.

"WITH A PREFACE."

"The Case for the Factory Acts." Edited by Mrs. Sidney Webb: with a Preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. London: Grant Richards. 1901. 2s. 6d.

IN other circumstances we should read this book with sympathy and keen interest, for in it we have a great national care handled by experts not much less competent than enthusiastic. As it is, we decline to read it at all. Clever people who choose to make themselves supremely ridiculous must take the consequence of their own folly. The foreign, or imported, preface has long been a literary nuisance; an absurdity in the nature of things. But this book is the very *reductio ad absurdum* of an absurdity. The borrowed (or bought) preface is a paltry device, even when a second rate authority calls in a first rate to give the book a lift with his name. But when the first rate authority calls in as preface-writer one who is no authority at all, the proceeding becomes perfectly fatuous. Any who do such a thing simply should not be listened to; should be "cut". And that is what the writers of this book have done. Mrs. Sidney Webb, Miss Gertrude Tuckwell, Miss Clementina Black, Miss B. L. Hutchins and Mrs. W. P. Reeves all know much of factory legislation and are entitled to be heard on it. And yet their combined intellect and experience cannot produce a preface; they must needs go out into the highways to find some one to write it for them. And when they do go, they must hit on a person who knows nothing about the matter. One would have thought that Mrs. Sidney Webb might have been content with her own husband without looking further for a prologist. If Mr. Sidney Webb is not good enough for her on "industrial democracy", he is good enough for most of us. But perhaps it was necessary that the introducer, the chaperon, of the book should be a lady. Even so the five contributors do not exhaust the Englishwomen who know something of the Factory Acts. Did they ask the Duchess of Sutherland? Then there is Mrs. H. J. Tennant, who probably knows these Acts better than any of the five. And with all this choice before them Mrs. Sidney Webb and her collaborators go for a preface to a successful lady novelist who does not know, never tried to know, does not pretend to know anything "special" about the matter. What on earth has "Robert Elsmere" to do with the Factory Acts? They might just as well have gone to a still more popular lady story-teller. Mrs. Humphry Ward admits frankly enough her own total incompetency for the part she undertakes.

"The book" she says "to which these few words are prefixed needs no recommendation from me or from anyone else to press it on English attention." (Then why recommend it?) "It is written by a group of students and practical workers well acquainted with the subjects on which they speak;" (which Mrs. Humphry Ward is not) "and at their head stands that brilliant writer, economist, and historian, Mrs. Sidney Webb. For one who, like myself, has no special knowledge of the great matters with which they deal, to dwell in terms of criticism or even of praise on the work of writers led and marshalled by one of the two authors of 'Industrial Democracy' would be impertinent and absurd." That is exactly how it strikes us. But if there was no room for either praise or blame from Mrs. Humphry Ward, where does she come in at all? It is not quite easy to understand how Mrs. Humphry Ward, seeing so clearly that in this matter she was wholly superfluous, could consent thus to be turned to account for advertising purposes.

That is the plain truth about these imported prefaces. They are merely advertisements; puffs just as much as the paragraph or the "argument", which certain publishers send round with their new wares. They have no other reason for being. If a book is good, it wants no recommendation from an outsider; if bad, such recommendation is fraud. Author and publisher know that very well, but they hope by means of a well-known name to attract attention. We have seen prefaces, one or two quite recently, consisting of not more than five or six lines saying absolutely

nothing trumpeted about as an important asset in the value of the book, because it was signed by a notoriety. We do not know what is the market price for these prefaces, or rather for such loans of names, but we can well imagine that a really popular person could make a very good living out of preface-writing. Should poetry fail Mr. Kipling, cricket fail Abel or Rhodes, preaching Dean Farrar or Dr. Parker, none of them need have any difficulty in finding a profession. As a professional preface writer every one of them would have a great career. We could name at least one famous man of letters who has written prefaces to so many and divers books as already to raise the practice to the level of a vocation. It is, or ought to be, surprising that a man—not to speak of a gentleman—should stoop to the post of indiscriminate literary showman. Indeed the showman's post has more dignity, for he has an interest in the show. Your "literary man" will shrink fastidiously from a tradesman puffing his goods: but at least he puffs his own goods, not those of another—for pay. We advise every reader and buyer of books, when he sees one advertised "with a preface", unhesitatingly to conclude that there is something wrong with it which the preface is brought in to carry off; and neither read nor buy the book.

WHAT IS POETRY?

"Life in Poetry: Law in Taste. Two Series of Lectures delivered in Oxford, 1895-1900." By William John Courthope. London: Macmillan. 1901. 10s. net.

MR. COURTHOPE tells us, mainly on the authority of Horace, that "the secret of life in poetry lies in the power to give individual form to universal ideas of nature adapted for expression in any of the recognised classes of metrical composition". That is a safe definition; it means little. "It will be best to conclude with reiterating the truth that, while the force of individual liberty and genius is absolutely necessary to inspire poetic conception with the breath of life, obedience to the law of the Universal in Nature is no less needful, if the life thus generated is to be enduring." That is not less true and not less vague. By the words life in poetry, Mr. Courthope tells us elsewhere, "I mean the qualities in poetry, whatsoever they are, whencesoever they are derived, which have the power of producing enduring pleasure; and I have endeavoured to ascertain their nature by examining the works of poets who have been acknowledged, *semper, ubique, ab omnibus*, to be the living poets of the world". Mr. Courthope, who has edited Pope, naturally brings Pope into the question, and gives away much of his argument by doing so. He finds in Pope both his "life" and his "universal", and he apologises for the "limited idea of Nature, of the Universal" which he does, in a way, acknowledge, by saying, first, that "this restriction of knowledge to self-knowledge is only the completion of a tendency of thought which reveals itself in 'Paradise Lost'", and, secondly, that Pope's idea of Nature must be compared only with that of "the false wits of the seventeenth century, Phineas and Giles Fletcher, Donne, Crashaw, Quarles, and Cowley". But the question really is, whether Pope is, in the true sense, a poet at all; whether the prose force and finish of his character of Atticus, quoted elsewhere in the book, are, simply as poetry, the equivalent of the lines of Crashaw to Mrs. R. with the present of a Prayer-book, quoted as self-evidently ridiculous. We would assert that the two last lines of this quotation:

"Dropping with a balmy shower
A delicious dew of spices",

represent a level of poetry to which Pope never attained, in spite of his consummate ability. Pope is the most finished artist in prose that ever wrote in verse. It is impossible to read him without continuous admiration for his cleverness, or to forget, while reading him, that poetry cannot be clever. While Crashaw, with two instinctively singing lines, lets us overhear that he is a poet, Pope brilliantly convinces us of everything that he chooses, except of that one fact. The only moments

when he trespasses into beauty are the moments when he mocks its affectations; so that

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain"

remains his homage, unintentional under its irony, to that "principle of beauty in all things" which he had never seen.

Mr. Courthope seems to be under a delusion as to the function of metre. He quotes from Marlowe:

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"

and tells us that "it is certain that he could only have ventured on the sublime audacity of saying that a face launched ships and burned towers by escaping from the limits of ordinary language, and conveying his metaphor through the harmonious and ecstatic movements of rhythm and metre". Now, on the contrary, any writer of elevated prose, Milton or Ruskin, could have said precisely what Marlowe said in prose, and made fine prose of it; the imagination, the idea, a fine kind of form, would have been there; only one thing would have been lacking, the very finest kind of form, the form of verse. It would have been poetical substance, not poetry; the rhythm transforms it into poetry, and nothing but the rhythm.

Poetry is first of all an art, and, in art, there must be a complete marriage or interpenetration of substance and form. The writer like Walt Whitman, who seems to contain so much material for poetry, which he can never shape into anything tangibly perfect, is not less disqualified from the name of poet than a writer like Pope, who has the most exquisite control over an unpoetical kind of form which exactly fits an unpoetical kind of substance. Crashaw, who had poetical substance of a particular kind, with only an intermittent power over it, remains a genuine but imperfect poet, whom we must sift with discrimination. Milton, who has almost every quality of form, and many of the finest qualities of substance, becomes the great poet who he is universally admitted to be, because he is almost always successful in the fusion of substance and form.

It is only after this intimate union has been consummated that we can begin to consider relative qualities of merit. The writer of one perfect song in one of the Elizabethan song-books is a poet, but, if he have written no more, or no more of such merit, he will remain a small, a limited, poet. Pollok's "Course of Time" may be as long as "Paradise Lost", but Pollok does not enter into the competition. In distinguishing between poet and poet, in the somewhat fruitless task of assigning places, Mr. Courthope's rules, among others, come fairly into use. They are useless in distinguishing what is poetry from what is not poetry, and they would be useless in the presence of any new writer claiming to be a poet.

It is less difficult to be just to Vergil and Milton than to be just to M. Rostand or to Mr. Stephen Phillips. Nor will the mere testing of Mr. Phillips or M. Rostand by Milton or by Vergil avail to keep the critic to the truth. Every new force has its own novel form of beauty, and if our latest poet is not essentially different from his predecessors, no amount of affinity to them will save him. It is profoundly important, as Mr. Courthope asserts, to examine and to keep in mind "the works of poets who have been acknowledged, semper, ubique, ab omnibus, to be the living poets of the world"; but it is not less important to be on the watch for every stirring of new life, whether or not our reading has prepared us for it, in the form in which we find it.

THE ANTIDOTE TO JOURNALISTS' WAR BOOKS.

"A Retrospect of the South African War." By Lieut.-Colonel E. S. May R.A. London: Sampson Low. 1901. 5s.

AFTER the stream of books purporting to deal with the war, wherein a legion of irresponsible and ignorant writers inflicted on us their views and so-called "lessons of the war", it is a relief to turn to Lieut.-Colonel May's "Retrospect". His well-reasoned conclusions and store of detailed knowledge give a

most pleasant contrast to the glib criticisms and easy ignorance of the war-journalist and the novelist in a hurry.

In the first chapter he dilates upon the extraordinary combination of circumstances which at the commencement of hostilities gave the Boer such an unquestionable advantage over the British soldier. These circumstances were fully set forth in the SATURDAY REVIEW during the first months of 1900 under the heading of "Difficulties of the War" by "Grey Scout"—this at a time when Colonel May himself was beleaguered in Ladysmith. Colonel May is convinced that the one thing which no "natural advantages" could give the Boers, nor gold buy for them, was discipline. "Not one man in five was really obedient to his officer" we read. It was this absolute want of discipline and its concomitant disadvantages that eventually in his opinion wrecked the Boer cause. In chapter II. we are given an able and thoughtful essay on "Military Instinct", in the course of which a plea is entered for the more intelligent training of our officers and men in peace time and some indication is afforded as to how this may be effected. We have ever been strongly of opinion that our typical field days, more especially of the class in vogue some years ago at Aldershot, involved the maximum of fatigue and worry to all concerned, except possibly to a few generals and staff officers and the minimum of instruction to all other ranks. It is not surprising that a day's work usually ended, so far as the regimental officer and troops under instruction were concerned, in impossible attacks, bewilderment and general chaos.

One deduction from the war is that "the professional soldier can no longer claim that pre-eminence over the amateur that was once his". Now this may possibly be the case as regards minor tactics, where individual intelligence must in the future largely take the place of superior control, now rendered so difficult, if not impossible, by the vastly increased range of modern weapons. But it cannot be for a moment admitted nor do we think the author means that the intelligent direction of larger units, either as to their positions in the modern battle-field or the innumerable technical details of an army and its communications, can ever be as effectually performed by the amateur as by the professional soldier. Of course to compare the relative values of some amateur soldier whom nature intended to be a leader of men and the "professional", who may lack all "military instinct", is beside the point. Colonel May himself, however, somewhat lessens the force of his "impression", as he styles it, by subsequently pointing out that in the future "a more careful study of the military art" will be required to form "competent leaders", also that "a knowledge of military science will assert its influence irresistibly" and lastly that even "our future small wars will demand scientific treatment". He bases the last inference on the proximate armament of all the world, semi-civilised and savage, with arms of precision. To some it may come as a rather disagreeable surprise to learn that an Afghan war would no longer mean a rush of Ghazis with knives, supplemented by the innocuous fire of obsolete muzzle-loading cannon. "We should have to face foemen individually superior to the vast majority of our own men" equipped with the best modern rifles and with artillery "European in its character and utility". "Medal-hunting" is assuredly becoming a rather risky pastime!

The chapters devoted to Field and Heavy Artillery will be read with deep interest by all professional soldiers and will enlighten many a non-scientific reader on various vexed questions concerning the conduct of our artillery in action during the Boer war. The author candidly admits the somewhat humiliating fact that the Boers taught us that it was possible to use far more powerful ordnance in the field than had hitherto been imagined; also that they were thoroughly justified in their adoption of the "pom-pom" although "we did not believe in these weapons before the war". Colonel May touches upon many important points in connexion with the efficiency of our artillery, some of his suggestions will probably not be generally accepted, although there is much to commend them, such as his proposal that Field Batteries should have their own scouts and be armed with carbines or rifles. His remarks on the recent separation of the different

branches of the Royal Artillery—of which he says truly that “the full effect has been by no means yet felt”—are somewhat disquieting. As regards intrenchments, he does good service by calling attention to the vital importance nowadays of ensuring that good communications shall always be made with any trenches held by infantry. It has been proved over and again in South Africa that modern rifle fire is never so deadly as when directed against men seeking to reinforce a fighting line posted under cover or to bring up ammunition, water &c.

If we wished to criticise unfavourably, it would be on the general lines that Colonel May not infrequently does not carry out his strictures to their logical conclusion. He is rather addicted to pointing out in a tentative manner where we have been supposed to fail and then passing on to other matters, leaving the reader to attempt his own solutions. This of course is but the natural outcome of the repressive forces exercised by powers at the War Office, who live in a condition of hyper-sensitiveness lest anybody should direct attention to their shortcomings. The author of the famous “Tactical Retrospect” written after the campaign of 1866 was certainly more trenchant in his remarks than is his namesake in 1901!

THE SICK MAN OF THE FAR EAST.

“Manchuria: its People, Resources and Recent History.” By Alexander Hosie. London: Methuen. 1901. 10s. 6d. net.

“The Awakening of the East.” By Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu. London: Heinemann. 1900.

THE rude awakening of a sick man is always to be deprecated: heroes and heroines in fiction always awaken naturally to convalescence from a wholesome sleep. But there are conditions when the patient is in danger of “sleeping out”, and then the risk must be faced. Japan has awakened naturally. China, which has more than once raised hopes in her friends, ends always by falling back after a half-turn and snoring again. It is a case for expert treatment; and as the jealousies incidental to the political as well as the scientific world insist on a conference of doctors, it is well that they should be taught the rudiments of the case. A presentment upon which all experts should agree is as inconceivable as a consensus of opinion among the political inepters who have been experimenting at Peking; but it is quite certain that there would be a better chance for the patient and less risk for the doctors themselves if all the latter had prepared themselves by studying M. Leroy-Beaulieu's diagnosis; just as the recent crisis itself might conceivably have been averted if the European Chancelleries had listened to warnings which were noted by the foreign community at Shanghai, but pooh-poohed at the Legations in Peking.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu has divided his book broadly into three parts—Siberia, Japan and China; each really complete in itself but each containing precisely the historical and descriptive information fitting it for its place in the literary mosaic; and we have, as a result, within the compass of some 300 (albeit closely printed) pages a concise survey of Eastern Asia and of the problems by which it is disturbed. The element of Orientalism in the Russian character which found expression at Blagovestchensk in deeds of horror rivalling those of the Boxers, but which commands nevertheless a certain sympathy at Si-ngan, is noted on page 14; just as the exclusive commercial policy which is largely responsible for the friction between France and England is deprecated on page 287; and we remark incidentally that, if it is depressing to reflect on the lack of purpose which has characterised British policy in China during recent years, it is refreshing to read (pp. 61-63) the story of successful commercial enterprise on the Yenissei. A sidelight on the attitude of the Chinese towards missionaries may be afforded by the story of the introduction of Christianity in the sixteenth, and its extirpation in the seventeenth, century, in Japan. On the whole, “the subjects of the Tsar exhibit”, M. Leroy-Beaulieu thinks (p. 248), “a greater degree of forbearance than the peoples of the

West. . . . The Orthodox Church, too, scrupulously abstains from all propaganda in China, and the Russian Legation is therefore spared those delicate questions concerning the rights and wrongs of missionaries which so greatly irritate the Chinese”. For “Christianity upsets (p. 230) not only the traditions but also the foundations of Chinese Society. . . . We must not be surprised, therefore, if the Chinese do not behold with a friendly eye a religion which opposes the great doctrine of the cultus of ancestors” that constitutes the base of their moral, social and political system. We find some questionable statements when the author neglects the lesson that repeated failures had taught Wingrove Cooke. It is hardly fair, for instance, to generalise from the assurance of an American missionary in Fohkien that, in a district near him there were very few husbands who were not deceived by their wives and that in the one under his direction the state of affairs was much the same. Without venturing to controvert this peculiar experience, we may remark, at any rate, that Fohkien is one of the most backward provinces in China. A distinctly false impression is conveyed, too, by the statement that “there is no stronger evidence needed against a wife, to obtain her divorce, than that she has not had a son”. A Chinaman would, in such a case, be much less likely to divorce the first than to take a second wife (with the assent of the first) in recognition of the need for a male descendant to carry on the ancestral cult. The statement (p. 225) that a young man who begins to smoke opium in his twentieth year “usually shuffles off this mortal coil before he is twenty-two”, can only be characterised as nonsense: Mr. Archibald Little's impressions of the effect of opium-smoking in the chief opium-producing and, probably, chief opium-smoking province in China tell a different tale. Li-Hung-chang is a native, not of Fohkien (p. 218) but of Anwhei; and it was Chang Chi-tung—not Sheng—who (p. 268) erected at Han-yang a great foundry designed to supply material for the construction of the Peking-Hankow railway. But we return gladly from noting laches which are, after all, of secondary importance to express renewed appreciation of the ability and impartiality with which complex international situations have been analysed, and much valuable information has been gathered and collated. Particularly interesting at this moment are the chapters on the Trans-Siberian railway; the relations of China and the Western Powers during 1897-1899; and the comments on Chinese revenue and taxation (pp. 219 and 241). Mr. George Jamieson's well-known report on the latter subject holds, and is likely to hold, the field; but Blue Books are, unfortunately, little read, and any contribution is welcome that tends to establish the necessity for reforms which have become more than ever urgent since the imposition of an indemnity that China will find it hard to pay unless she can be persuaded to improve her methods of collection and account.

It has been said, in explanation of the lack of popular interest in China, that its people appear to the man in the street as strange as though they dwelt in another planet. Manchuria might, in a similar sense, be compared to a satellite. It is not that description has been lacking. Mr. Hosie is, doubtless, literally correct in saying that few books have been consulted in the preparation of his present work, “because there are few to consult”. Still, the reader who desired historic or geographic information might have obtained a very fair measure from Ravenstein's “Russians on the Amoor” in 1861, or from Williamson's “Journeys in North China, Manchuria &c.” in 1870. The misfortune is that so few did desire it. Mr. Hosie's book comes opportunely to bridge the intervening years, and to describe in very plenitude of detail the vast territory which British merchants in the Far East fear to see closed against them by the protective barriers that characterise Russian administration.

A description, in the first chapter, of a journey from Newchwang to Kirin undertaken, in the mid-winter of 1895, for the purpose of settling one of the sempiternal missionary difficulties of which even Manchuria has its share, enables us to glean a general impression of much that is subsequently worked out in detail. A notion of the climate in winter may be derived from the remark

(p. 3) that "moustaches were frozen at least a dozen times daily". Yet we are given an impression of the commercial possibilities of Manchuria in a passage (p. 19) which will be as much a "revelation" to his readers as it was to the author himself. "The road (between Mai-mai-kai Pien-lien-cheng) is downhill, and up struggled the heavily laden carts with their great loads of beans, abutilon hemp, frozen pigs, dog-skins, immense logs of red pine about 3 feet in diameter, tobacco, samshu in baskets lined with oil paper, and other articles, while down rushed empty carts at full speed." The winter is the season of traffic, for the reason that, as roads in our sense of the word do not exist, traffic is only possible when the ground is hard frozen; and "the whole energy of the country then centres on the conduct of the immense traffic to the trade depôts. In spring and summer and autumn, on the other hand, when the icy grasp of winter is relaxed and the rivers are open to navigation, the roads, owing to their softness, are all but deserted and the teams and their drivers, reinforced by many thousands of labourers—annual immigrants from the provinces of Shantung and Chihli—devote themselves to the cultivation of the products of Manchurian soil." One more picture and we have finished. In Kirin, the capital of the central one of the three great provinces into which Manchuria is divided, "frozen fish, including the sturgeon, were exposed in heaps on the streets for sale, and frozen game included partridge, pheasant, deer, antelope and wild boar"—from all of which we may glean another justification of Prince Kung's famous dictum that there is nothing (not even the frozen meat trade) which China had not discovered before Western folk and that it is only because we "have minds adapted to reasoning and abstruse study" that we have been able to shoot ahead.

We pass over such recent incidents as the Japanese war, the Russian occupation of Port Arthur and the attendant negotiations and agreements, which are fresh in our readers' recollection; nor can we afford space to accompany Mr. Hosie on his journey across Asia last year. The Western section of the Siberian Railway—from Baikal onwards—has been described, indeed, often enough, and M. Leroy-Beaulieu has just been telling us afresh (p. 79) of the provision made for the traveller's comfort west of Irkutsk. With the eastern portion we are less familiar, and it is fair to remember that some sections had recently been opened when the author passed. Of the section from Vladivostok to Habarovsk he speaks well; but the journey by steamer from Habarovsk to Stretinsk and by rail again from Stretinsk to Lake Baikal appears to have combined a maximum of discomfort with a minimum of speed. Broadly speaking, the impression left is that it will be very long before the line—how valuable soever for the development of Siberia—will be able to compete with the sea as a means of transport for commerce between Europe and the Far East. An interesting narrative of travel terminates with the arrival of the travellers at Lake Baikal. The succeeding chapters are purely descriptive, and may be commended to the careful reading of all who desire to know what manner of country Manchuria is. They are replete with information, and as to the care with which they have been compiled we are content to quote Mr. Hosie's statement (in the preface) that there is not a single product of the country mentioned in Chapter vii., for instance, which has not passed under his eye, while the industries connected with many of them necessitated frequent visits to the establishments and factories where they are carried on. Incidentally, we hear of a kind of rice (p. 179) growing on dry ground which might be experimented with in India as an alternative when the rainfall is insufficient to inundate the paddy-fields; of dog and goat farms (p. 205) as a feature in a great skin trade which ranges from tigers to squirrels; of indigo and opium, of tobacco and ginseng. We are taught how salt is produced by evaporation (on p. 224) and we have a remarkable description of the method by which spirit is produced from millet on pp. 226-34. Finally, a country containing already 17,000,000 people, mainly of Chinese provenance and descent, which possesses great agricultural resources and exports already many agricultural products—from beans and

bean oil to the silk of the oak-fed worm—and contains gold, coal and iron among other mineral resources, assuredly has before it a great future if improved communications are not neutralised by prohibitory tariffs.

As there is no good English map, Mr. Hosie has had recourse to Russian sources for a basis on which to construct the useful map which accompanies his book. Trade and shipping statistics, tables of meteorological observations, an itinerary and an index sustain the reputation for thoroughness which the author established by his work on "Western China" some years ago.

THE ORIGINAL LANGUAGE OF THE GOSPELS.

"Clue, a Guide through Greek to Hebrew Scripture." By Edwin A. Abbott. London: Black. 1900. 7s. 6d. net.

DR. ABBOTT claims to have found the clue to the unsolved problem of the differences between the first three evangelists. The clue has been worked before, but not so systematically. The original Gospel, says Dr. Abbott, was written in Hebrew, and the disagreements of the evangelists are to be traced to the misunderstandings, confusions, speculations, of early readers and translators. To find out what kind of mistakes are likely to have occurred we have only to consult the Septuagint, which is itself a translation from Hebrew into Greek, and therefore provides us with the precise analogy which we want. Dr. Abbott handles his clue with extreme cleverness and lucidity; but we hesitate to accept it as trustworthy. To begin with, he makes the large assumption that the original Gospel was written in Hebrew, and, what is more, in the classical idiom of the Old Testament. If this is not impossible, it is most improbable. Granting the assumption, however, the sort of Hebrew we should expect would be, not the unadulterated language of the Old Testament, but something like that of the newly discovered fragments of Ecclesiasticus, only worse by 200 years. The discovery of the original in the latter case has shown how wide of the mark were previous attempts at translating back the Greek into Hebrew; and we doubt whether Dr. Abbott's experiments at retranslation are any more successful. Take this one for example. In S. Luke ix. 37 we find: "it came to pass on the next day when they had come down from the mountain". According to our author the two clauses in italics are simply alternative translations of the original Hebrew, which with a slight change (*mahar* and *mehar*), might be taken in either sense. But turned into good Hebrew the two clauses would not be nearly so much alike as Dr. Abbott suggests. We wish he had given us more of his original Hebrew; what he has given does not inspire confidence. On the face of it, of course, the language of the first three Gospels has a more or less distinct Hebraic colouring, simply because the writers used a Greek which was already saturated with Hebraisms; it by no means implies a direct translation from the Hebrew. The mere fact that in the great majority of cases the Evangelists take their Old Testament quotations, not from the Hebrew but from the Greek version, shows that they were not writing in the former tongue. If there was a Semitic original of the Gospels at all, it must be looked for in the language spoken by our Lord and His disciples. The Gospel must have been proclaimed originally in the Aramaic dialect current in Palestine at the time; and this fact undoubtedly has some bearing upon the composition of our present Gospels. The words of Christ Himself, we may feel sure, existed in Palestinian Aramaic before they were rendered into Greek and incorporated into the writings of the evangelists. In the course of this process various accidents befell them, and differences of detail were produced. But all that we are entitled at present to say is that the Semitic original did not extend beyond our Lord's own words, and that this original was not in Hebrew but in the Aramaic dialect of Palestine. It is only fair to say that Dr. Abbott does not profess to furnish the clue to the whole of the Common Tradition, but only to certain portions of it.

A large part of the book is taken up with showing the kind of mistakes which the Greek translators made in dealing with the Old Testament. The specimens given are valuable and instructive; but when they are rigorously applied to the discrepancies of the evangelist, assumed to be translated from the Hebrew, we begin to distrust the method. It is based upon a mechanical and, as it seems to us, an indiscriminate use of the Greek concordance. Beyond certain limits we have no right to maintain that Palestinian translators of the first century A.D. would confuse and misunderstand their text in exactly the same way as Alexandrian translators of the third century B.C. In short, if we are to reproduce the original form in which our Lord uttered His sayings—we will not presume to say, in which the original Gospel was composed—the scientific method will be, not a comparison of textual variations, however ingenious, but a thorough examination of the linguistic features, based upon an intimate and sympathetic knowledge of the language spoken in Palestine at the beginning of the Christian era.

INDIAN POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY.

"The Indian Borderland, 1880-1900." By Colonel Sir T. H. Holdich. London: Methuen. 1901. 15s. net.

BEFORE everything else Sir T. Holdich is a surveyor. To him an unmapped tract is as abhorrent as a vacuum is to nature. A stupendous mountain peak presents itself as a possible trigonometrical station, a smiling valley as a fair field for the plane table. The theodolite figures as the handmaiden of adventure. He ends the record of a distinguished career with pious thanks to Providence which permitted the Tirah campaign and thus enabled him to "put a sound finish to the last of our frontier maps," in the final year of his service. But he is a great deal more than a surveyor. His work shows him a sympathetic lover of nature, a close and sagacious observer of men and motives and a writer of much descriptive power who can weave into the measurement of the land episodes of humour and romance.

The north-west boundary of India and its trans-frontier allies or dependencies are but of yesterday. A generation ago no one could say with certainty what was Indian and what was outside India. The external frontiers of Afghanistan, Kashmir and Baluchistan were equally vague. As for boundaries none had been demarcated. A few years have changed all that. Commissions of the Powers jointly concerned have laid down the lines which mark the outer limit of England's influence or suzerainty. From the trackless ice-peak where three empires meet in the Pamirs; by the Oxus, the Turkoman desert, the Hari Rud and the Helmund, through the wastes of Makrán to the waters of the Arabian Sea, the border Powers now know their own and England knows hers. Besides this outer line the boundary has been drawn between the Amir's territories and British India. Another fixed frontier separates the countries of the Afghan and the Baluchi. How all this has been done it is the object of Colonel Holdich's book to tell. He actually conducted the survey or controlled the demarcation over several of the most important sections and he writes from long experience of the people among whom he worked.

Sir T. Holdich is careful to explain that his political views are his own, written as an outsider not by official inspiration. They are all the more valuable. He criticises with freedom and finds much which might have been better done or better left alone. In the demarcation of the "Durand frontier" he discovers the chief exciting cause of the Afridi War of 1896 just as a similar policy incited the Waziri outbreaks at Wana and Maizar. In each case what aroused the tribes was the prospect of having their back door closed and their refuge in Afghanistan cut off. They regarded it as a preliminary to annexation. Add to this specific cause the general unrest which then pervaded the whole Mohammedan world and you have the explanation of what seemed so wanton an outbreak that many assigned it to the instigation of the Amir. Holdich indeed believes this existed as a subsidiary cause, but

the evidence of the Amir's complicity is not conclusive though some of his officers and soldiers were mixed up in the business. That the Amir looked without dissatisfaction at our troubles arising from a measure he hated we may readily believe. But it is unsafe to go further.

In his estimate of the natural defences of India against invasion Sir T. Holdich is a comforting optimist. He rejects decisively the physical possibility of an army entering India from the north by the Pamirs or Thibet or any point east of the passes over the Hindu Kush which debouch on Kabul or Jellalabad. Equally he discards the practicability of an advance by Makrán and thus limits the lines of invasion to Kabul, Quetta and one or two passes which lie between them. On these points his views as a geographer carry much weight. But has he considered the political effect of even a very small hostile force appearing in Chitral or the Kashmir Valley and the risk of unsettling the country behind the armies opposing the main line of advance further west? He has much to say about the "forward policy". The boundaries in whose making he shared have at least put a limit on the forward movement of our allies, our enemies and ourselves. We cannot go beyond the Afghan limits to meet Russia: we hope we shall not have to go so far. The best defence now is a strong and united Afghanistan acting as the buffer state we have created with much toil and cost. There is however no element of permanence in an arrangement which depends on the strength and wisdom of a single man. When such a man fails, we must look after ourselves. A Russian advance on Herat must be followed by British occupation up to the Bamian and Kandahar. The worst policy of all, says Sir T. Holdich, would be to stand looking over the frontier wall and leave the battle for ascendancy to be fought on Indian soil. This is the view of sensible and moderate men, and from a political as well as a strategical standpoint it is based on reasons which carry conviction. The remarks on the connexion of India with the European railway system will repay study. The physical facilities he finds all in favour of linking up Quetta with the Central Asiatic Railway via Kandahar and Herat. Here he is on firm geographical ground. But when it comes to political expedience we must hesitate before accepting his half-hearted advocacy of the connexion. Nor can we share his confidence in the two safeguards of a break in gauge and the friendly support of an Afghan ruler. It will be a bad day for British India when its safety is left to Afghan loyalty. Strong in the strength of a geographer he also views with cheery optimism the plans of Russia to find an outlet on the Persian Gulf. Such trust in Providence and Russian engineering requires to be supplemented by watchful diplomacy and armed force. The want of a full series of good maps is an unexpected blot on this instructive and interesting work.

LETTERS FROM A CONTEMPORARY OF ABRAHAM.

"The Letters and Inscriptions of Hammurabi King of Babylon." By L. W. King. Three vols. London: Luzac. 1900. 18s. net.

MR. KING'S interesting volumes would have seemed but a few years ago like the pages of a romance. That the actual letters written by a contemporary of Abraham should now be in the British Museum would have been received with a smile of incredulity. The letters, too, are not mere copies and transcripts made at some later day, but the originals themselves as they were dictated by their royal author to his private secretary. What would not classical scholars give for the veritable originals of the letters sent by Cicero or Cæsar to their friends and correspondents, and yet in comparison with the age of the letters edited and translated by Mr. King the age of Cicero and Cæsar is but as yesterday. Hammurabi, or rather Khammurabi, by whom most of them were sent, was the Amraphel of Genesis, the ally of Chedor-laomer in his campaign against Sodom and the other cities of the plain.

The dynasty to which Khammurabi belonged was of Canaanite or South Arabian origin, and under it

Babylon became for the first time the capital of a united empire. The real founder of the empire was Khammurabi, who was as great in administration as he was in war. His letters bear witness not only to high administrative ability but also to the most astonishing power of work. Nothing seems to have escaped his notice and no detail was too insignificant to claim his attention. Now it is a question of punishing an official who had been convicted of bribery, or investigating the charges brought against an extortionate money-lender; at another time it is a case of giving orders about the regulation of the calendar, or the repair of the canals and the calling out of the *corvée*; or again the king supervises the accounts of the tax-gatherers and summons to his presence the royal shepherds and herdsmen. In one letter Khammurabi orders that wood be sent for the use of certain workers in metal and even gives the exact sizes of the pieces of wood that are required; in another he arranges for a supply of dates and sesame-seed which was needed at Babylon; in a third he gives directions about the duties of the priests and the services of the gods. In fact the king was supreme in all departments of the State both ecclesiastical and civil, and the whole business of the Government, great and small, came before him personally. How he could have found time for it all is difficult to understand; but we gather from his letters that the time was found, and that his work was performed with strict justice and punctuality. It is little wonder that after his long reign of forty-three years he left behind him a prosperous and contented kingdom and a well-organised Empire which extended to the shores of the Mediterranean.

Mr. King is to be congratulated on the accuracy of his copies of the cuneiform texts and his success in translating them, in spite of the difficulties which many of them present. He has added to the collection a good many letters written by the immediate successors of Khammurabi, as well as a revised copy of the official annals, or rather chronology, of the dynasty, the deficiencies in which are partly supplied by another newly found document of the same class. There are excellent indices at the end of the third volume and an equally excellent introduction at its beginning. Both scholar and general reader will find in the work all that they want. It is only rarely that the Assyriologist has an improvement to suggest. In the fragmentary inscription, however, given on p. 198, the canal referred to is the Arakhtu on which the city of Babylon was built, and which was not a river at all, as Mr. King seems to think. It would have been better, moreover, to have followed the usual custom in calling Rim-Sin, king of Larsa, by his Elamite name of Eri-Aku or Arioch, as that alone is guaranteed by the book of Genesis.

It will doubtless be Khammurabi's connexion with Abraham which will lend his letters their chief interest in the eyes of most readers. Towards the end of his reign his supremacy was acknowledged as far as Canaan, and a monument dedicated to the goddess Asratum or Asherah (not *sarratum* as Mr. King conjectures) even gives him no other title than that of "king of the land of the Amorites", as Canaan and Syria were termed at the time. Colonies of Amorites were settled in Babylonia itself, and a private letter published by Mr. King probably contains a petition addressed by two of them to the wife of the governor. As a specimen of Khammurabi's epistolary style we will conclude with a letter addressed to his chief correspondent the governor of Larsa:—"Unto Sinidinnam say: Thus saith Khammurabi. Lalum, the *kadur*, has informed me, saying, Ani-ellati, the confectioner (?), hath laid claim to certain land which I have held from [days of old], and the crop of the land [he hath taken]. After this manner hath he informed me. Now a tablet hath been found in the palace, and [it ascribeth] two acres of land unto Lalum. Thou shalt examine into the matter, and if Ani-ellati took (the land) on pledge from Lalum the *kadur* thou shalt return his pledge unto him, and thou shalt punish Ani-ellati who took (the land) on pledge."

THE CRISIS IN FRENCH EDUCATION.

Collège de Normandie. Comment élever nos fils par Joseph Duhamel, directeur désigné du Collège de Normandie. Paris: Librairie Charpentier et Fasquelle. 1901. 3f. 50c.

THE educational unrest at present so much in evidence in England is not confined to this country. New methods and new ideas are everywhere clamouring to gain admittance to the schools. Time-honoured traditions whether in teaching or training are everywhere being challenged. The modern mind refuses to accept the existence of any particular institution as a sufficient reason for its being allowed to go on ad infinitum and believers in the orthodox systems of education are being compelled more and more to give reasons for the faith that is in them. The cause at bottom of all this is, no doubt, largely the growing consciousness that the control of the school means the control of the future, that the school apart from the great influences of home, the religious and social milieu, is verily and indeed the nursery of the nation of to-morrow. It is here that the future of the individual is forged and the destiny of the race is moulded. The primary schools are naturally the least affected by these new currents of thought. The "flashing point" is situated in the secondary schools whose function is to train the leaders of to-morrow.

In no country is the dissatisfaction against the ways and methods of the secondary schools more lively than in France. The State schools framed by Napoleon on military lines are growing more and more out of sympathy with the spirit and aspirations of modern times. The religious schools, especially those of the Jesuits, have been crippled through the regulations which do not allow the Jesuits (if not other Orders too) to give instruction in their own schools. We have, therefore, in both categories a divorce between the functions of teacher and educator. Such a division of the powers may commend itself to the countrymen of Montesquieu, but it really means, at least in the State schools, nothing less than a division of the French pupil's personality into two parts; his brain being looked after by the professor and his soul by the répétiteur. The contact between professor and pupil is of the slightest. The former comes to the school, gives his lesson and goes away. The whole training of character is left to the répétiteur who acts as a sort of school detective. The relation between the two parties is at best that of armed neutrality. As a rule, it is one of extreme distrust. The whole law of the "pion", as this caretaker of souls is called, is summed up in the phrase "thou shalt not". Under such a system of repression pure and simple there is no chance of developing in the pupil the spirit of self-initiative or the sense of responsibility, which are the hall marks of our public schools. The very discipline itself is bad, the pupil bows to it, he does not accept it. Hence, when he at length doffs the "strait jacket" of the collégien, in his thirst for liberty at any price he plunges too often into moral anarchy.

The first step towards reform in France has already been taken by M. Demolins. One of the many excellent things he has done in his school at Verneuil has been to reunite the functions of teaching and superintendence which should never have been put asunder. A second venture is just being started by a Harrow master, M. Duhamel, called the Collège de Normandie. M. Demolins has modelled his school on what may be described as the most progressive of English lines. M. Duhamel is more modest. He proposes to embody in his school many of the good things he has found in England, but none the less, and we think rightly, he intends to remain above all things French. "Français je suis" has been taken as the motto of the new school. He does not fall into the common French habit of condemning everything root and branch. Instead of declaring war against the University which is the usual way with most educational reformers, he proposes to act as its auxiliary, "carrying out for it those experiments which it cannot and perhaps ought not to attempt itself", to use the words of Paul Bert. He recognises that, so far as literary education is concerned, the French have little or nothing to learn from other

nations. In contradiction to M. Demolins—who seems to have seen everything in English education couleur de rose, M. Duhamel points out sundry weaknesses in the instructional side of our schools which we may well lay to heart—our neglect of essay writing, our scanty study of our own unrivalled literature, our Philistine attitude towards letters in general. Education to-day has no impassable frontiers, and we might learn very much from others, if only we could put some of our national self-complacency in our pockets.

NOVELS.

"The Gamblers." By William Le Queux. London: Hutchinson. 1901. 6s.

Mr. William Le Queux has taken his choice, and he has, we suppose, decided that the commercial article is the thing. Perhaps it was never possible for him to do much in the way of literature, as opposed to commerce, but in any case his latest "novel" compels us to warn him that the decision to make commercial articles instead of writing books must be carried to its logical issue. He must not palter with it. If he really means to give up any attempt to write a good book, he must be as bad as Mr. Guy Boothby. He ought not to correct his proofs; he must split his infinitives; he must forget the colour of his heroine's hair; he must haul in ever so many more duchesses; and he must print the last sentence of his chapters in capital letters. Otherwise, only half his proper public will read him. It is true that he has tried fairly hard to do his duty, but he has not tried hard enough. He writes a book called "The Gamblers," which deals mainly with the tables at Monte Carlo, and he forces his croupier (on page 31) to make the strange observation "Vingt! Rouge, pair et passe!" The same sense of duty urges him (on page 42) to put into the mouth of the same somewhat unobservant gentleman the remark "Vingt-neuf! Rouge impair et passe!" This is good, so far as it goes: Mr. Le Queux has evidently studied the colours of the roulette-board, and knows what is what. But his deliberate mistakes are not numerous enough, and also, although he is right in trying to be as dull as Mr. Guy Boothby, he ought to draw the line somewhere. Probably it is a mistake to become duller. Duller, however, he does become, after he has got about half way through his story. The point is, who murdered Reginald Thorne, who won sixty thousand francs at the tables (partly by a successful plunge on twenty-nine red, which is not on the roulette-board)? First you suppose it is no one in particular, then it is clear that it is Mr. Keppel, an eccentric millionaire. You are wrong; it is Ernest Cameron, the former lover of the heroine. Wrong again, for it turns out to be Ernest Cameron's wife. Curiously enough, she did not do the awful deed either; it was Jean Laumont—you never would have thought it, for he was apparently a harmless detective—at least, it was Jean Laumont when Mr. Le Queux finished the last chapter. Probably it was some one else—in any case it does not matter, for the story would be just as good, or bad, whoever it was.

"My Lady's Diamonds." By Adeline Sergeant. London: Ward Lock. 1901. 6s.

"It's a muddle from beginning to end." Thus Geoffrey Brandon to Joan Carrington, summing up the difficulty of finding out who stole Lady Rockingham's diamonds. It is a muddle, from beginning to end, and not a very good muddle either. When a young gentleman deeply in love with a young lady (her eyes are grey on page 12 and hazel on page 50) observes among the ruins of an ancient castle, near the hour when ghosts do gibber, a person dressed in a cloak belonging to the object of his affections, and delivering diamonds, bank notes and what not to a tall, sinister fellow with a moustache curling slightly upwards at the ends, it is clear that he can come to but one conclusion. Of course, after a while he finds that his conclusion is wrong, and he and his lady-love between them by the middle of the story manage to collect sufficient evidence against a third person to hang a commando of highway-

men. The thing to do, it might have been supposed, would be to take this evidence to Scotland Yard. Miss Sergeant, however, will allow nothing of the kind, and only in the last chapter permits a policeman to drag the lost diamonds from the lady-villain's back hair—a most moving incident. If this were a first attempt at a novel, it might be worth while to ask the author to try again. Unfortunately, such advice is likely to be superfluous.

"Lest we Forget." By Joseph Hocking. London: Ward Lock. 1901. 6s.

Mr. Joseph Hocking—or his artist—with malevolent subtlety has had this historical romance so wonderfully illustrated that beside the badness of the pictures the letterpress appears respectable. We should imagine that the author's acquaintance with Marian times is not profound, and why anybody should wish to read this book, when "Westward Ho!"—or even "Francis Cludde" exists, we cannot conceive. There is a wicked stage Spaniard, a virtuous Puritan maiden, a lubberly well-meaning hero who unfortunately escapes the fires of Smithfield, and other stage furniture. The said hero writes in a style little remote from that of the London shop-boy of to-day, except that he addresses people as "thou" and "you" in the same breath. Mr. Hocking has a horrible facility in slovenly writing which we simply cannot forget.

"Plato's Handmaiden." By Lucas Cleeve. London: John Long. 1901. 6s.

"A bit steep, Tubby,—eh?" said the cheery young man in Mr. Street's delightful satire when shown the hero's Ballade. He would say much the same of this book. Plato, as Byron observed, has much to answer for, but it is a little unfair to make him godfather to a young woman willing to elope with a wicked earl for a life-time, but restrained in the bonds of virtue by the discovery that he preferred a fortnight. "Lucas Cleeve" shows a certain cleverness in depicting a very sordid and repulsive side of life among people who manage to retain a veneer of respectability. There is a dull husband who is a mere caricature, and an account which seems plausible of a bonnet-shop in Oxford Street run—disastrously—by a bored wife. The book seems to show careful study of the cheaper and more scandalous "society papers".

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare." By Parke Godwin. London: Putnam's.

This astonishing contribution to the curiosities of Shakesperian criticism aims at nothing less than the total demolition of preceding theories as to the meaning of the Sonnets and the revolutionising of this branch of Shakesperian study. And Mr. Parke Godwin's method is a very simple one. "With pen in hand" he tells us he "wrote out a prose paraphrase of each sonnet as it came, marking in the margin (1st) the person or thing to which it seemed to relate, either real or imaginary (2nd) the various emotions expressed whether of love or hate, of hope or despair: and (3rd) the predominant thought which generally comes in as a climax in the closing couplet". And the conclusion arrived at is that if the Sonnets are to reveal their secret they must be re-arranged. The seventy-seventh Sonnet "Thy glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were" is to be placed first, as being the central and explanatory Sonnet; why as being the "central" Sonnet it should stand first Mr. Parke Godwin does not explain. Next come what are called the "Independents or Solitaires": next "A Plea for Creative or Poetic Art", then "A Young Love Time"—this group being addressed to Anne Hathaway. Next comes "The Episode of the Dark Lady" whom Mr. Godwin declines to identify, having however quite made up his mind that she is not Mrs. Fitton: lastly comes the series symbolising "The Poet's Communion with the Higher Muse". The speciality of Mr. Godwin's volume is that he is good enough to translate every Sonnet into prose, and to furnish us with a running commentary. One specimen of each of these specialities will probably suffice. "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day. Thou art more lovely and more temperate, that is more equal. . . . Besides, and here the enthusiastic and self-confident poet breaks out. Death shall never be able to boast that thou wanderest in his shade." Then continues Mr. Parke Godwin "As the lad repeated these lines to the girl either at Shottery, her home, or in his father's house, she if she was the woman I take her to have been threw her arms about him and gave him

some hearty kisses exclaiming 'Oh Willie, boy, if ever there was a poet you are one, but alas you make too much of my good looks, I am older than you are and beauty is a thing that soon decays' &c. &c." By this means Mr. Godwin informs us "the sonnets are lifted from a low level of petty concern up to a high point of aesthetic interest and significance." And this is the sort of stuff which including a preposterously absurd rearrangement of the Sonnets occupies 306 pages, beautifully printed on the best of paper! A madder farrago of fanciful nonsense could scarcely be imagined than this volume.

"Animals of Africa." By H. A. Bryden. London: Sands and Co. 1901. 6s.

"The Mammals of South Africa." By W. L. Sclater. London: R. H. Porter. 1901.

Mr. Bryden treats of all animals from the elephant down and has something interesting to say of most, in the shape either of anecdote or reminiscence. Nothing depicted in Mr. Sclater's volume is so repulsive as Mr. Bryden's description of the queen of those white ants. Her Majesty is a loathsome monster, two or three inches long, disgustingly bloated and overburdened with eggs. These termites, though they rear pyramids of their own in the veldt, have an unfortunate predilection for the basements of houses. Mr. Bryden has known many cases where the occupant has had to sink shafts and drive gullies under his foundations to get rid of the plague. All the work is fruitless, unless he happens upon the queen, but once the queen is destroyed her subjects disperse. Consequently the aard-vark or great earth-pig is cherished as the most efficient of allies: with his powerful legs and formidable claws he is worth any number of stalwart diggers. Mr. Bryden tells of a friend who with a party of natives set to work to dig out an earth-pig. The beast had a bare start in stiff soil; they dug after him from morning till night; they dug in zigzags for some five and thirty yards, when, like the Israelitish captain "faint yet pursuing", they ran into their dying game.

The second volume of Mr. Sclater's exhaustive work on the South African Fauna embraces the mammals, ranging from the tiny field vole to the mighty sperm whale, which used to be worth nearly £1,000 to its captors. The book is on a system of scientific classification, the language is severely technical, dealing with the description, distribution and habits of each animal, and it is primarily intended for professed zoologists. Nevertheless there is much interesting matter, with a variety of curious facts which must be entertaining to the general reader. The selection of animals for the illustrations is somewhat arbitrary, but they show that South Africa can boast of some of the quaintest and queerest creatures in the world. In the order of the Edentata—the toothless—are animals who contrary to the principles of evolution, have been retrograding in place of advancing. There is a drawing of the scaly anteater, an incarnation of eccentric form. Among beasts standing somewhat higher in the scale of creation is the Rock-elephant-shrew, so called from the elephant-like proboscis, which has also given name to the sea-elephant-seal.

"The Bolivian Andes." By Sir Martin Conway. London and New York: Harpers. 1901. 12s. 6d.

Sir Martin Conway's gifts both as explorer and as writer are familiar to all mountaineers and students of travel literature. This "record of climbing and exploration in the Cordillera Real in the years 1898 and 1900" is admirable. Sir Martin has an eye for many things besides the grandeur of a mountain and the result is a book which contains much that is of interest concerning the people, the history and the possibilities of Bolivia. What he cannot convey to the reader's mind by means of picturesque description, he succeeds in conveying with the aid of the camera. Of the scientific value of his work in the Andes we cannot now speak. In this book of 350 pages his chief object is to describe the mountains and high plateaus of Bolivia, the least known to the remainder of the world of all South American countries. That South America is a continent of vast commercial potentialities—a new Africa in some respects—he makes abundantly clear.

"The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift." Edited by Temple Scott. London: Bell. 7s. 6d.

The fifth volume of this edition of Swift's works includes the historical and political tracts. Mr. Scott admits that the writings for the Harley Administration were in the nature of special pleadings and had all the weakness of such work, but they were remarkable for their "simple and select expression of complicated conditions; for their eloquence and passion; for their illuminating flashes of satire; and, more than all, for the power which lifts an argument for a party into the broader and larger field for a principle or a law of nations". This is a carefully edited and workmanlike edition, but the interest that attaches to Swift's political writings, unlike that which attaches to Bolingbroke's, is almost entirely an eighteenth-century one.

"Belgium and the Belgians." By Cyril Scudamore. London: Blackwood. 1901. 6s.

Mr. Scudamore sketches the systems of government and of education in Belgium in this volume, and touches on the

scenery, language, army and recent political history of the country. The political situation is, he considers, likely to become interesting to other people besides the Belgians themselves, within the next few years. He finds the secret of Belgium's success in her two-fold nationality. Fleming and Walloon differ widely in disposition, but both possess in a marked degree energy and perseverance.

"The Correspondence of Cicero." Edited by R. Y. Tyrrell and L. C. Purser. Vol. VII. (Index). London: Longmans 1901. 7s. 6d.

The index now published, which completes a laborious and splendid work of scholarship, is mainly an index to the notes and the copious introductions which preface each volume. These are so comprehensive that an index to them is for all practical purposes an adequate index to the text of the Letters themselves. We have tested it in a number of ways and have not found any serious omission.

The volume of the "Royal Colonial Institute Proceedings" for 1900-1901 is as full as ever of instructive matter dealing with various colonies. Thus Sir Gerard Smith and Lord Brassey give us some notes of gubernatorial observation on Western Australia and Victoria. The Hon. T. H. Whitehead describes the expansion of trade with China, Major Gibbons the Nile and Zambesi systems as waterways, Professor R. Wallace the agricultural possibilities of South Africa, and Sir Hubert Jerningham the outlook in Trinidad, whilst Sir Godfrey Lagden writes on the Basutos whom he knows so well. For reference purposes the Royal Colonial Institute papers and discussions are of considerable value. The Institute is also issuing the "First Supplementary Catalogue" (£2 2s.) of its Library, which has been compiled by Mr. James R. Boosé with the care that marked the original volume. The catalogue shows that the library is growing at so extraordinary a rate, that the number of entries in the supplementary record is considerably larger than those in the work issued only six years ago. This no doubt is to be accounted for by the watchfulness of the Librarian, who secures not only new books of Colonial interest but all old works that may serve the purposes of the student. Under Mr. Boosé the Library of the Institute has become the most valuable Colonial collection in the world.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The publications of the first half of the present year have been, with a few exceptions, of comparatively slight importance. Among the books of this period there are three or four of very considerable significance in the history of contemporary thought and economic or social life, but no work of commanding importance from the literary point of view has appeared. The chief event of the season for the student and lover of literature has been the death of Mr. John Fiske, the historian, philosopher and lecturer. Mr. Fiske's work was based on first-hand knowledge of the subjects with which he dealt, and marked by unusual lucidity and charm of style. He used the modern methods of research, but he held, with the historians of a generation ago both in the United States and in England, that history ought to be characterised by the quality of form no less than by accuracy. His skill in making a confused campaign clear was quite unrivalled among American historians. His short account of the War of the Revolution, written for younger readers, is an admirable example of his genius for making a series of movements clear and coherent, and also of condensation without loss of colour and dramatic interest. His larger history, projected on a very considerable scale, remains, unfortunately, unfinished; although the story of the development of the colonies to the adoption of the constitution, presented in a series of delightfully written volumes, is practically complete.

Mr. Fiske was deeply interested in the ultimate religious problems, and his approach to these subjects by the way of science gave his thought a certain freshness and novelty. His conclusions were given to the public in a group of three small volumes, eminently suggestive, and free from the phrasology of theology or of pietism. They have, for this reason, found access to many minds which are closed to religious writing of the conventional kind; while their re-enforcement of fundamental religious positions from the scientific standpoint has been welcomed by the spiritually-minded. Mr. Fiske was a graduate of Harvard University; held at different times various official relations with the University; was a lecturer of very wide popularity on historical subjects; and a man of unusual gifts and accomplishments. His death in his prime is a very serious loss to American historical literature.

The growing interest in the historic background of American life, in the development of which Mr. Fiske had a great share, is evidenced by the increasing attraction of historic subjects for writers of fiction. This is true not only of those who write novels of adventure but of those who write novels of manners and character; of such widely-read stories as "To Have and To Hold", "Prisoners of Hope", "Janice Meredith", "Hugh Wynne", "Alice of Old Vincennes" and "Richard Carvel", and also of such studies of social and political life as

(Continued on page 280.)

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Mr. Page's "Red Rock" and Mr. Churchill's latest romance "The Crisis". The final evidence of the reconciliation of the North and the South is to be found in the fact that at the end of a single generation the events of the civil war can be freely used for dramatic purposes. The passion which rose to such a height in that fierce and protracted struggle is practically as much a thing of the past as the antagonism of Roundhead and Cavalier. Mr. Page's study of the reconstruction period in Virginia has been followed by a series of stories chiefly interesting by reason of the materials with which they deal; and the past six months have seen a somewhat notable addition to the list of novels dealing with various phases of the struggle. In several cases these stories are pieces of apprentice work and are stamped by the faults of inexperience. To this class belong Mr. Morgan Bates' study of a typical Abolitionist in "Martin Brook"; Mr. Johnson's "Arrows of the Almighty"; and "Henry Borland; the Passing of the Cavalier"; stories of promise rather than of artistic completeness, touched with freshness or depth of feeling, and disclosing considerable skill in invention.

Mr. Churchill's story is well known in England and has already been noticed in this Review. We admit that from an American point of view the book may have claims an Englishman would not so readily recognise. It is in some ways a useful piece of fiction for those who wish to understand American society. The novel has evident faults; its strength may not be so evident to non-American readers. In "Richard Carvel" Mr. Churchill dealt freely with materials drawn from colonial life in Maryland; in "The Crisis" he contrasts the descendants of the Carvels with a well-drawn type of New England character; a man of equally good descent, whose mind and manners have been formed under the influence of an entirely different set of ideals. The typical Southern gentleman has often been drawn with a sympathetic hand in American fiction, and poets and novelists have had much to say about the cavalier. In "The Crisis" Mr. Churchill has made a study of the Puritan gentleman; somewhat less picturesque than his southern compeer but quite as thorough in breeding, as sensitive in honour, and distinctly more effective in action. In setting these two types of men face to face in St. Louis at the outbreak of the civil war Mr. Churchill showed not only the dramatic but the historic instinct. It was a bold experiment to bring Mr. Lincoln, General Sherman, General Grant and other leaders in the crisis upon the stage and permit the reader to overhear their casual talk and to see them in their most unheroic moments, but the results justify the risks. In his portraiture of Mr. Lincoln especially, Mr. Churchill has succeeded in indicating both the homely simplicity and the great capacity for rapid development which perplex those who do not know American life, and fail to understand the less obvious workings of the democratic ideals through the masses. In the few words which Mr. Lincoln says to Virginia Carvel in the White House, at the end of the story, the secret of his great nature and his extraordinary career is suggested if not actually revealed.

Two ventures in fiction of widely differing method and spirit are Mrs. Wharton's "Crucial Instances" and Mr. Frank Norris "The Octopus". Mrs. Wharton has been so close a student of Mr. Henry James that her work, although strongly individual in temperament, has borne evident marks of a dominating influence; in this latest book there are signs of emancipation which are the more welcome because Mrs. Wharton has gifts of perception and characterisation of a high order. "The Octopus" is a novel of crude and almost barbaric force; showing in many parts the deep impress of Zola both in method and manner, but disclosing also great vigour of imagination, dramatic feeling and a deep sense of reality.

More important than the novels of the last six months have been the books dealing with various questions in religion and in economic thought. Dr. George A. Gordon's "New Epoch for Faith" is a restatement, in clear and unconventional form, of what the writer believes to be the fundamental principles of the Christian faith. Dr. Gordon is a Scotchman by birth; came to the United States at an early age; was graduated from Harvard University, and for nearly two decades has been the minister of the Old South Church of Boston; an historic Congregational society. He is a man of deeply religious spirit, with a decided bent toward philosophy and theology. He is an advanced Liberal, though well inside what may be called orthodox lines. He has made himself a conspicuous leader of broad theology, and in a series of thoughtful discussions has made a very important contribution to theology in the United States. Dr. Lyman Abbott, who holds substantially the same ground as Dr. Gordon, and who has unusual gifts as an expositor of abstruse thought in a style of great clearness, has presented the principles and results of the Higher Criticism as applied to the Old Testament in a very interesting discussion of "The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews". Dr. S. D. McConnell's study of "The Evolution of Immortality" bears the stamp of a very clear and fearless mind, and presents a theory of conditional immortality which has awakened considerable discussion.

In an entirely different field, Mr. Booker T. Washington's "Up From Slavery" has made a deep impression as a practical illustration of the capacity of the negro to make use of the new opportunities within his reach. Mr. Washington is the foremost man of his race in America; a graduate of Hampton Institute, he has developed at Tuskegee, in what is known as "The Black Belt", an agricultural and trade school or college for negroes which is fitting many hundreds of untrained men and women to carry on farming and the mechanical trades with skill and intelligence. Although an autobiography in form Mr. Washington's book is an exposition of the aims which he believes the negro in the Southern States can follow to the greatest advantage. Its practical teaching involves the shifting of emphasis from political to economical activity; when the race has proved its ability to deal successfully with economic conditions he believes that it will not only demonstrate its right to the suffrage, but that opposition to its exercise of the right will die out. In this opinion many of the most thoughtful men in both sections concur.

A volume of poems of some promise has appeared from the pen of Mr. William Vaughn Moody, a graduate of Harvard University and an instructor in the University of Chicago. Several of the poems included in this small collection were read last year in the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly Magazine"; a periodical intimately associated with the most productive period in American literature. These poems were characterised by freshness, vigour and a note of passion rarely heard in the verse of the day. They bear evidences of immaturity in occasional obscurity of style, but they are pervaded by a quality of imagination which suggests a true poetic gift. In the dearth of poetry of vitality and freshness, which is as marked in the United States as in England, this volume has found a welcome the more cordial because full of the element of hope.

For This Week's Books see page 282.

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